



The Shakespeare Country

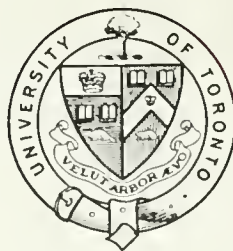
Illustrated

BY

JOHN LEYLAND

"I pray you let us satisfy our
eyes with the memorials and
the things of fame that do
renown this city"

Twelfth Night. iii. 3



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The Shakespeare Country

Illustrated.



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GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
 TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
 BLESSE BE ^EY MAN ^TY SPARES THES STONES,
 AND CVRST BE HE ^TY MOVES MY BONES.

*The Inscriptions on the Graves of William and Anne Shakespeare,
 Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon.*

HEERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODY OF ANNE WIFE
 OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE THE
 6 DAY OF AUGV. 1623. BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARES
 Vbera tu mater tu lac vitamq dedisti
 Vae mihi pro tanto munere saxa dabu
 Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus anglus ere
 Exeat christi corpus linago tua uxor
 Sed nil vota valent venias cito Christo relurgat
 Clausa licet tumulo mater et astia petat



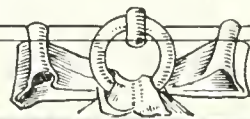
THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT,
 HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD ON-AVON.

The Shakespeare

Country

ILLUSTRATED.

by JOHN LEYLAND



*"I pray you let us satisfy
our eyes with the me-
morials and the things
of fame that do renown
this city."*

Twelfth Night. iii. 3.



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HOLY TRINITY CHURCH,
STRATFORD.



"Well, this is the Forest of Arden!"

—"AS YOU LIKE IT."—ii., 4.

THE source of the inspirations of Shakespeare's genius will ever remain a marvel to the intellectual world. We follow him wondering from what fount he drew his knowledge, where he learned to play with unapproachable grandeur upon the gamut of passion, how he won his wistful sympathy with the joys and sorrows of all countries and all times, whence he grasped his power of analysing the principles, the emotions, and the affections of men. If such things are impossible to us, there still remain many things that illustrate the genesis of his genius. There are the surroundings amid which his thoughts and imaginings had their birthplace. His Warwickshire home, with face but little changed from that which in his time it bore, is there; the woods that were haunted by Titania and all the fairy crowd; recesses that might have sheltered a Caliban; the roads upon which Falstaff ranged his ragged crew. There are still the scenes in which he gleaned his subtle knowledge of the sights and sounds and hidden beauties of nature. Here, at the Stratford Grammar School, he often saw

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

Among the Warwickshire peasantry are still the types of such as may first have given him his keen zest for boisterous revelry. There are references in the plays to local scenes, as to the drinking of the "sheer ale"

of "Wincot," and Page's dog that "was out-run on Cotsall." From his corner in the inn-parlour he laughed loudly at Quince, the carpenter, Snug, the joiner, Bottom, the weaver, Snout, the tinker, and the rest. Their successors are in his Warwickshire home to-day. Often, we are sure, did he see

"The sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry."

He had seen them don their "rye-straw hats," and meet the nymphs "in country footing," even as the Tempest masque bids them do. The nine men's morrice, the jovial plenty of oxen roasted whole, the loud-voiced rustics in their quarrels, the homely wisdom of a Touchstone, the simplicity of many an Audrey—these, where Shakespeare lived, the way-farer may still discover.

In his days the country was "with shadowy forests and champains rich'd" much more than in these. The leafy depths of the forest of Arden were tenanted, as in the minds of some they still are, by strange imaginings, and the kindred of the Wild Huntsman crashed their stormy way with the wind through the glades at night-time, as the phantom coach is still believed by greybeards and ancient dames to rumble weirdly along the shadowy roads. There, too, and perhaps still more in the Vale of the Red Horse, southward beyond the Avon, it went very ill with the witches, and still the belief in witchcraft, in some remote regions, survives. There were some, in Shakespeare's days, by civil broil made outlaws, who, like the companions of the Duke, in "As you Like

It," roamed the forest of Arden, living there "like the old Robin Hood of England, as they did in the golden world." Shall we go wrong if we say that, when the wasted abbeys no longer sheltered their occupants, the youthful poet met many a Friar Lawrence in the woods, from whom he won a good deal of his knowledge of classics and the intellectual world?

There is, perhaps, no English shire so filled with history as that of Warwick. Its stirring story could not but move the imagination of Shakespeare. The famous legends of Guy still linger there; about him were the scenes of many episodes in the Barons' War in the days of Stephen and John; he would know how Henry III. lay at Warwick during the great

its bounds. From Edge Hill, indeed, twelve miles south-east of Stratford, there is a great panorama of the shires of Warwick, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Stafford, Salop, Leicester, Nottingham, Northampton, Buckingham, and Oxford. It is the Feldon, or Vale of the Red Horse, a region filled with interest, that is immediately before, while beyond, across the Avon, the open land is succeeded by the still well-wooded stretches of the old forest of Arden.

STRATFORD.

Stratford itself has changed more than the country in which it lies. This has necessarily been so, for the concourse of people which has



An Old House in Rother Street.

siege of Kenilworth. Not far off, Piers Gaveston was beheaded by the Barons on Blacklow Hill. He often looked upon the magnificent tomb of Richard Beauchamp, the great Earl of Warwick and Regent of France, who, in his "Henry VI.," plucks the "white rose with Plantagenet," and who, when Joan of Arc is brought to the funeral pyre, will spare no faggots "that so her torture may be shortened."

The Shakespeare country is a beautiful land, a truly "English" region of hedges, fields, and glorious woods, purling streams and broad river courses, lovely lanes and rustic villages, level as a whole, but with many undulations, and with some considerable elevations within

thronged to the birthplace of Shakespeare demanded accommodation and led to change. Yet we can picture the place as it was, for old houses of timber are there such as lined the streets in Shakespeare's time. There is his Birthplace, to which all men resort. The Guild School is there, in which his teaching began, with the Chapel in which he knelt, over against his house of the New Place, which itself has been swept away; and there is the noble Church in which his remains repose. And still the ancient Clopton Bridge, over which he passed when he went London-ward, spans the broad stream of the Avon.

When you enter Stratford from the Great Western Railway station, it is by the Alcester

Road, which brings you soon to the American Memorial Fountain, at the end of Rother Street. This work is an elegant Early English structure, with angle buttresses and many turrets, rising up to a spirelet over a clock. It was presented to Stratford by Mr. George W. Childs, a citizen of Philadelphia, and it is pleasant thus to meet at the outset a mark of the keen interest which Americans take in the homeland of Shakespeare, bidding the passer-by partake of "honest water which ne'er left man i' the mire," albeit Shakespeare was no foe to generous sack with "a toast in't." Puck, Mustard Seed, Peaseblossom, and Cobweb sit aloft, and the Memorial, which was dedicated to public use by Sir Henry Irving in October, 1887, is otherwise appropriately adorned.

There are some quaint houses hereabout, and one especially in Rother Street, with curious timbering and overhanging upper storey. The Rother Market is the place where cattle were sold of yore, and where John Shakespeare, the poet's father, must have made many a bargain for skins with the countrymen who came with their droves into the town. From this point the road leads straight down through the place, by Bridge Street and Bridgefoot, to the Clopton Bridge and the Banbury Road.

It is but a short walk from the Rother Market, by Mere Street to Henley Street, where Shakespeare's birthplace stands, much as he knew it when a boy. A better plan is to gain the first view of the house from Guild Street, at the rear; for, certainly, across the old-world garden where the plants are grown that he loved, and mentions in his plays, it looks far more picturesque than from the frontage in Henley Street. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, a skinner and wool dealer who rose to comparative opulence as high-bailiff of Stratford, in 1568, appears to have been living here a dozen years before his famous son was born.

There had been Shakespeares, time-out-



A House in Rother Street.

of-mind, in Warwickshire. One was a felon at Coventry in 1359. Others appear to have been persons of credit within the Manor of Baddesley Clinton in the same and the following century. John Shakespeare was not improbably the son of Richard Shakespeare, a farmer of Snitterfield. Gentility has been attributed to him, but we must be content to regard him as a substantial burghess of Stratford, who carried on the trade of a glover and skinner, and dealt in grain and leather. He prospered in his early manhood, bought his woolshop, and married Mary Arden, the daughter of Robert Arden, a farmer at Wilmcote. The Ardens, like the Shakespeares, were a family of many branches. Some of them, at least, belonged to the old faith, and one, Edward Arden, was executed at Smithfield for being concerned in an alleged plot against the Queen in 1583.

There was a Henry Shakespeare, too, of Snitterfield, who was stubborn—"Shagspere est contumax"—in regard to tithes, and otherwise incurred obloquy for not wearing "cappes on Sondays and hollydays." The mystery as to John Shakespeare's gentility is complicated by an argument concerning a grant of arms which was made to him; certain it is that he rose to a leading position in Stratford, and, while his great son was an infant, was alderman and high bailiff of the



American Memorial Fountain.



Shakespeare's Birthplace from the Garden.

town. Subsequently his property was mortgaged, he was returned as a "recusant," and fell grievously into debt. He died in 1601, before the poet had reached his fortieth year.

The history of his house cannot be fully told in this place. It has gone through many vicissitudes, but was rescued for the nation in 1847, and is now jealously preserved. For more than two hundred years John Shakespeare's woolshop had stood as the "Maidenhead," or "Swan and Maidenhead" Inn, but it was not until the end of the last century that the adjoining birthplace was converted into a butcher's shop. The work of restoration and preservation was conducted with scrupulous care, and not an ounce of the old material that could be retained was removed. It is just such a house as a substantial trader of those times might have dwelt in. To the left, as you look at from the road, is the portion of the house in which the Shakespeare family lived, while to the right lies the part in which John Shakespeare carried on his business, now used as a museum of Shakespearean objects. The first room you enter from the street is the small family parlour of former times, where is a fireplace recessed. Behind lies the kitchen with a somewhat curious fireplace, a recessed seat, and a hatchway opening to the buttery-cupboard. Beneath is a cellar, and behind are two small rooms for domestic use. A narrow staircase leads up to the "birth-room," from which a mullioned window with diamond panes looks

out into the road. It was here, in 1564, that the greatest genius of literature saw the light, an "infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," thence to "ripe and ripe" till the world grew greater for his thinking, a little room with oaken planks on which he trod. Behind is a small chamber (in which an old portrait of the poet hangs), and there is an attic above. In the Museum part of the house are many Shakespeare documents, among them the letter of Richard Quiney to the poet, begging a loan of £30, which is the only existing letter that remains addressed to him. Careful hands have gathered here many curious and interesting objects, more or less associated with the bard, including several portraits and pictures, and the desk from the Grammar School at which they say he sat.

How Shakespeare lived in this humble abode there is no evidence to tell. Many a picture has been painted by the light of imagination, based upon knowledge of the ways of life in his time, of the place as it was when he was a boy. We know well the garbage thrown without in the road, the roaring fires in the chimneys, the store of housewifely things that lay in presses in the rooms. These pictures the visitor will best construct for himself—"such tricks hath strong imagination." It was certainly hence that Shakespeare wended his youthful way by the High Street and Chapel Street to the Grammar School. We cannot fancy him as an ordinary boy. Had he "the



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE,
HENLEY STREET.



The Birth-Room.

scholar's melancholy, which is emulation," filled with the desire to know? He was learning already, indeed, from the book of human nature, drinking deeply from the well of the things that Stratford held. Here was his little world, and all through his youth even to early manhood, he seems to have dwelt in his father's simple abode. In this house he was

"The lover
Sighing like furnace with a woeful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Here it was, we remember, that he lived through his father's falling fortunes. To these rooms from rural walks, from school, and from the work of his father's trade, he turned to shape the fancies of his brain. The instinct of home was strong within him, for, when he grew prosperous, he forthwith came back to the scene of his boyhood, and lived and died at New Place, the neighbouring house of his own.

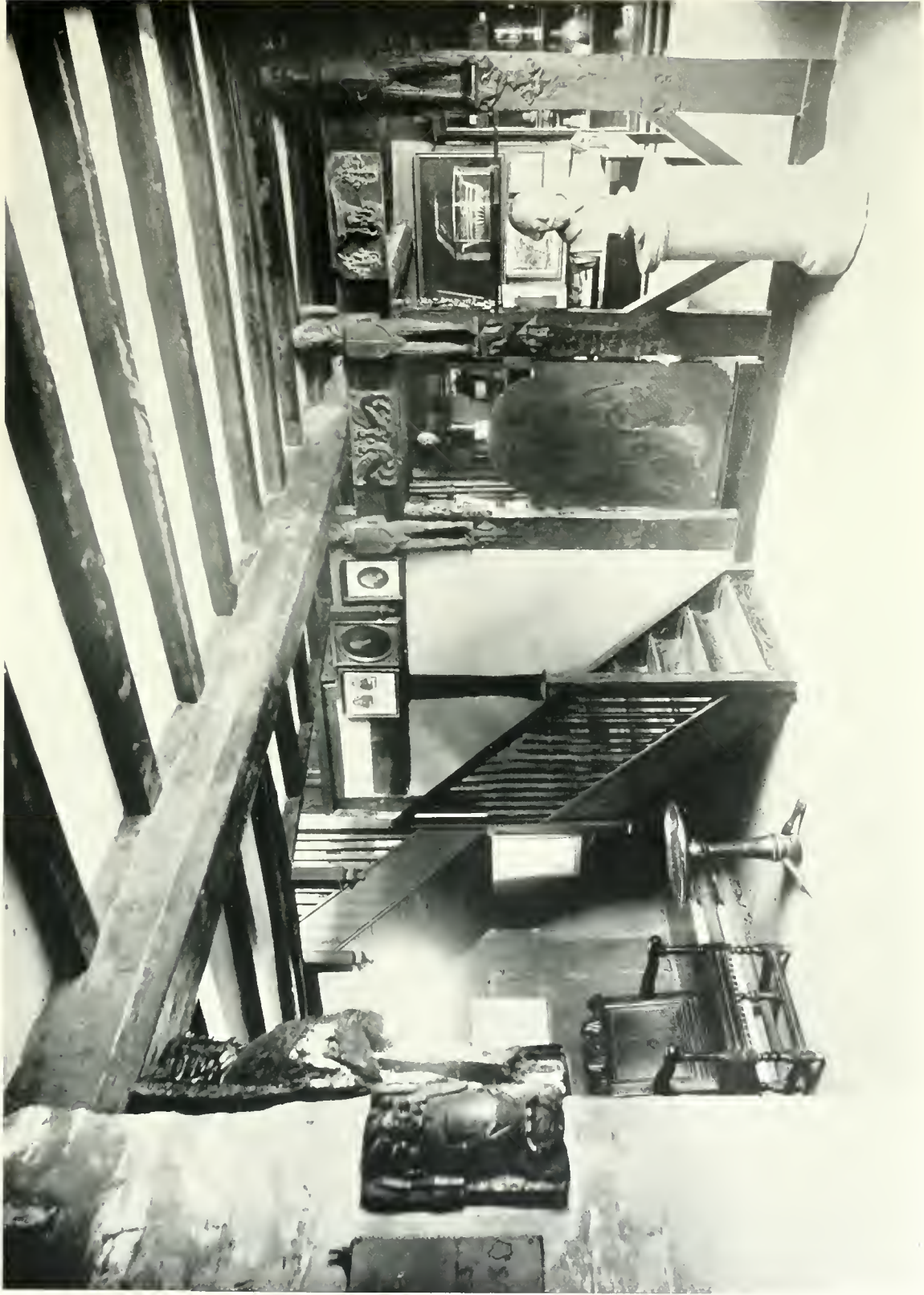
How long he continued to dwell in his father's house cannot with certainty be known, but it has been surmised that, when he married Anne Hathaway in November, 1582, he took up his abode in Henley Street, and that his children Susanna, Hamnet, and Judith were born there. His father, though in circumstances of difficulty, and, probably, of suspicion he was struck off the roll of aldermen, because of inability to pay his dues, and

absence from his duties, in 1586—appears to have continued to live in the old house until his death, and his widow survived until 1608, seeing the ripeness of her son's genius and the fulness of his prosperity.

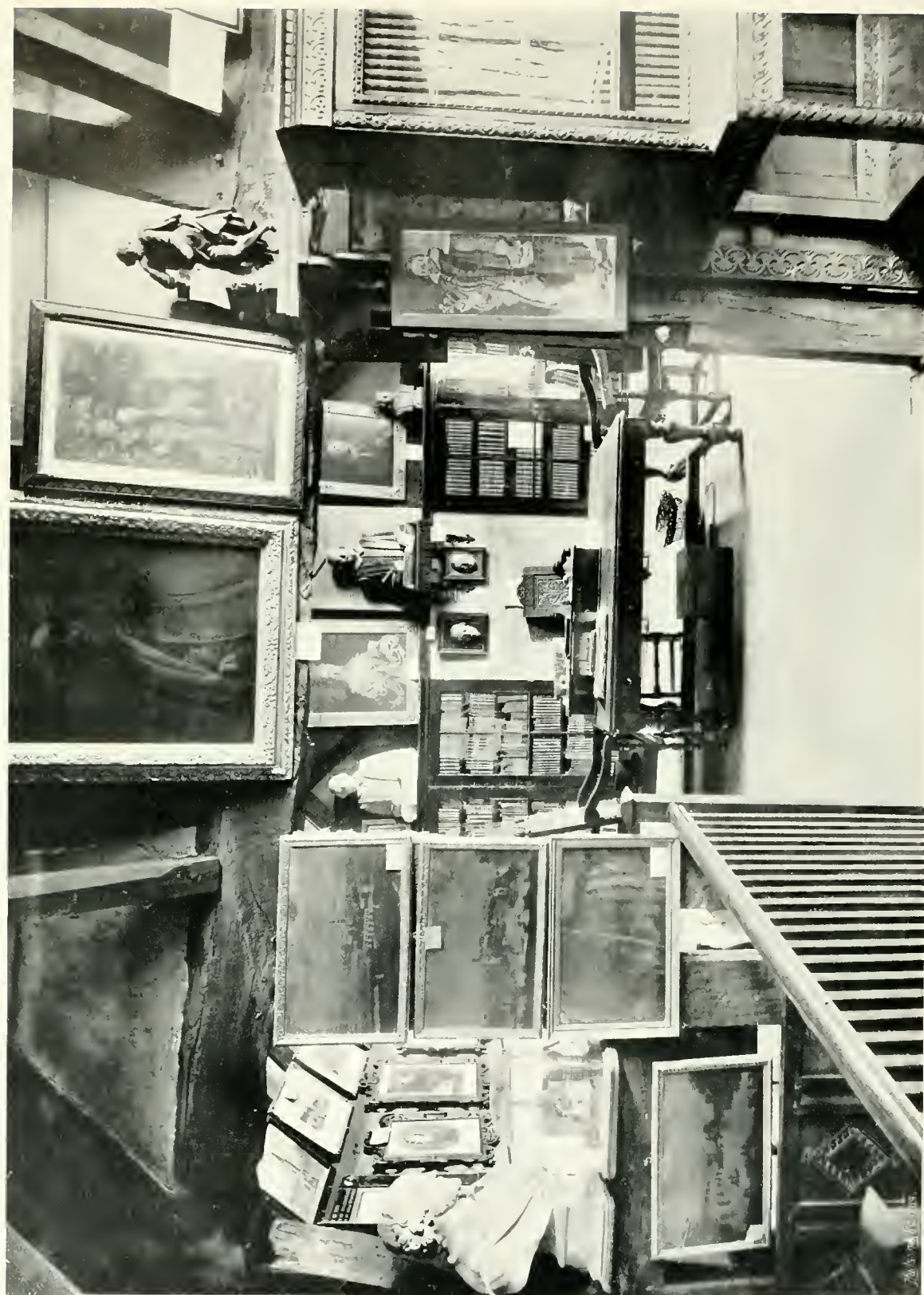
It is but a short walk from Shakespeare's birthplace to the centre of Stratford, and to the site of the Market Cross.

Henley Street brings you down to Bridge Street, and to the place where the rustic market is held, much as in Shakespeare's time, and the High Street leads thence to the right through the centre of the town. At the corner is the "Cage," so-called from its former use as a prison for vagrants and others. Here lived that Thomas Quiney who married Shakespeare's daughter Judith, and the pity is that his house has been modernised externally. Below are the cellars where Quiney, a vintner, stored his sack, and, behind, a dark chamber where the vagrants lay in tantalising proximity to his wares. Lately, careful hands have uncovered some of the old interior woodwork of this house to which Thomas Quiney brought his bride, and in which Shakespeare Quiney, the child named after his dead grandfather, lived his brief life and died.

A little further along the High Street, on the opposite side, stands a very quaint gabled dwelling, sometimes called the "Ancient," and sometimes the "Harvard" House, from



THE MUSEUM,
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

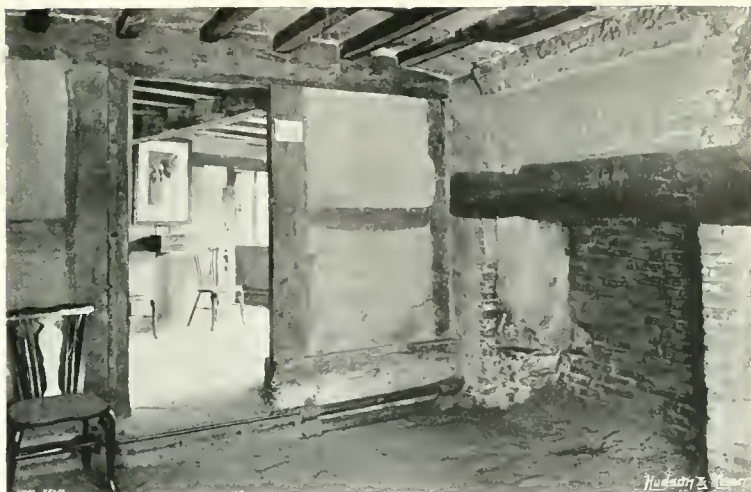


THE LIBRARY,
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

the fact that its builder's daughter, Katharine Rogers, married John Harvard, of the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, whose descendant founded the American College of that name. The house is richly carved with vine and other patterns, and the projecting windows rest upon corbels, of which some are sculptured with human heads. The whole timbering is very curious and characteristic.

Beyond the house, at the junction of Ely Street and Sheep Street, Chapel Street begins, being a continuation of the High Street; and on the left-hand side of the way rise the most impressive houses in Stratford. They are known as the Five Gables, and are now the "Shakespeare Hostelrie." The vertical timbering is plain, but there is great quaintness in the high gables, and the narrow diamond panes between the beams are unusual.

It is but a short distance from this point to the end of Chapel Street; but, as he stands opposite to the Five Gables, the visitor sees the places where dwelt many of Shakespeare's kindred, the site of the house in which he lived and died, the Guild Chapel where he often worshipped, and some parts of the school in



The Parlour and Kitchen.

which he was trained. The houses externally have lost wholly their olden character, but they are the remains of ancient structures, and at least it is interesting to know that here dwelt Thomas Hathaway, Julius Shaw, who witnessed Shakespeare's will, and Thomas Nash, who married his grand-daughter. She survived to become the wife of Sir John Barnard, and died in 1670, the last descendant of the poet. The house last named is now a Museum, and its interesting collection includes a mullion of Shakespeare's house, and a "shovel-board" of his time.



Shakespeare's Desk.



The Library, East End.

Between it and the corner of Chapel Lane just beyond lies the site of New Place, of which the foundations have lately been exposed. This was the house to which Shakespeare retired from Blackfriars, and in which he died on April 23rd, 1616. But, for many years after the purchase of New Place, the dramatist had no thought of leaving the busy world behind him. He was in the high tide of his prosperity, and his company was constantly performing at court and in the country. It was even implicated in the plotting of Essex and Southampton. The Globe Theatre was built, and the publication of works went on, but Shakespeare seems to have seized every opportunity of revisiting his home-land, and he returned to it before he died. The house was pulled down in 1759, by its owner, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who finding his trust a burden, had already cut down Shakespeare's mulberry tree. The weather mark of the gable may be discerned on the southern end of Nash's house. What manner of dwelling it was we cannot tell, but it was doubtless a house of substance, and well furnished in its day. Shakespeare bought it from the family of Underhill in 1597, for £60, and restored it from its dilapidated state to his taste, calling it the New Place, for before, as a residence of Sir Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry VII., it had continued to be known as "the great house." There was a "great garden" where an orchard was laid out, as well as a small garden nearer the house, where the poet planted the famous mulberry tree, and a couple of barns.

When Shakespeare took up his residence at New Place, his neighbours spoke of him as "our countryman," and Richard Quiney, father

of Thomas Quiney, afterwards of the "Cage," forthwith wrote to him, "from the Bell in Carter Lane," begging a loan of £30, and assuring him, "You shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lord wyllinge." This was in 1598, when Judith Shakespeare was a girl of thirteen. She was not married to Thomas Quiney until February, 1616. Shakespeare, as we have seen, was at the time a man of affairs, and in the plentitude of his genius. The year 1593 had seen the publication, by Richard Field, the son of a Stratford tanner, of "Venus and Adonis," which Shakespeare, in the dedication to its "noble godfather," the Earl of Southampton, speaks of as "the first heir of his invention." The

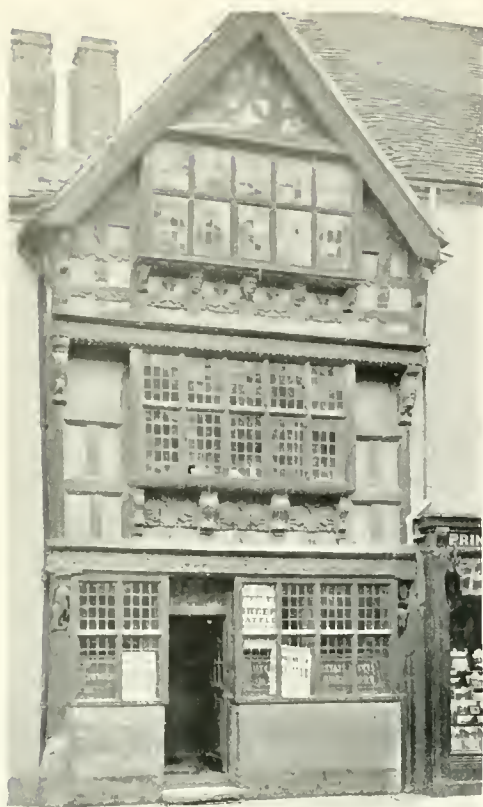
"Rape of Lucrece," "Titus Andronicus," and "A Comedy of Errors" had rapidly followed. In the year before he purchased the house, "Romeo and Juliet" had been produced, and the great roll of his plays continued to be unfolded. But it is not the purpose here to record the progress of his fortunes or his triumphs. His house of the New Place marks the strong love he bore for the scenes of his youth, and for his native country



The Porch of the Guild Chapel.



THE "FIVE GABLES"
AND GUILD CHAPEL.



The Harvard House.

and town. Like his Earl of Warwick in "Henry VI." he could say, "In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends." His father was declining in years; his mother was still in the vigour of health; there were many to whom he could say, "Neighbour, God speed!" others to whom he was, or was to be, akin. We fancy, when he came to his native woods and fields from the gaiety of the court and the turmoil of the town, that he voiced his thoughts

in the musings of the Duke in "As You Like It," who retired to the same forest of Arden—

"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

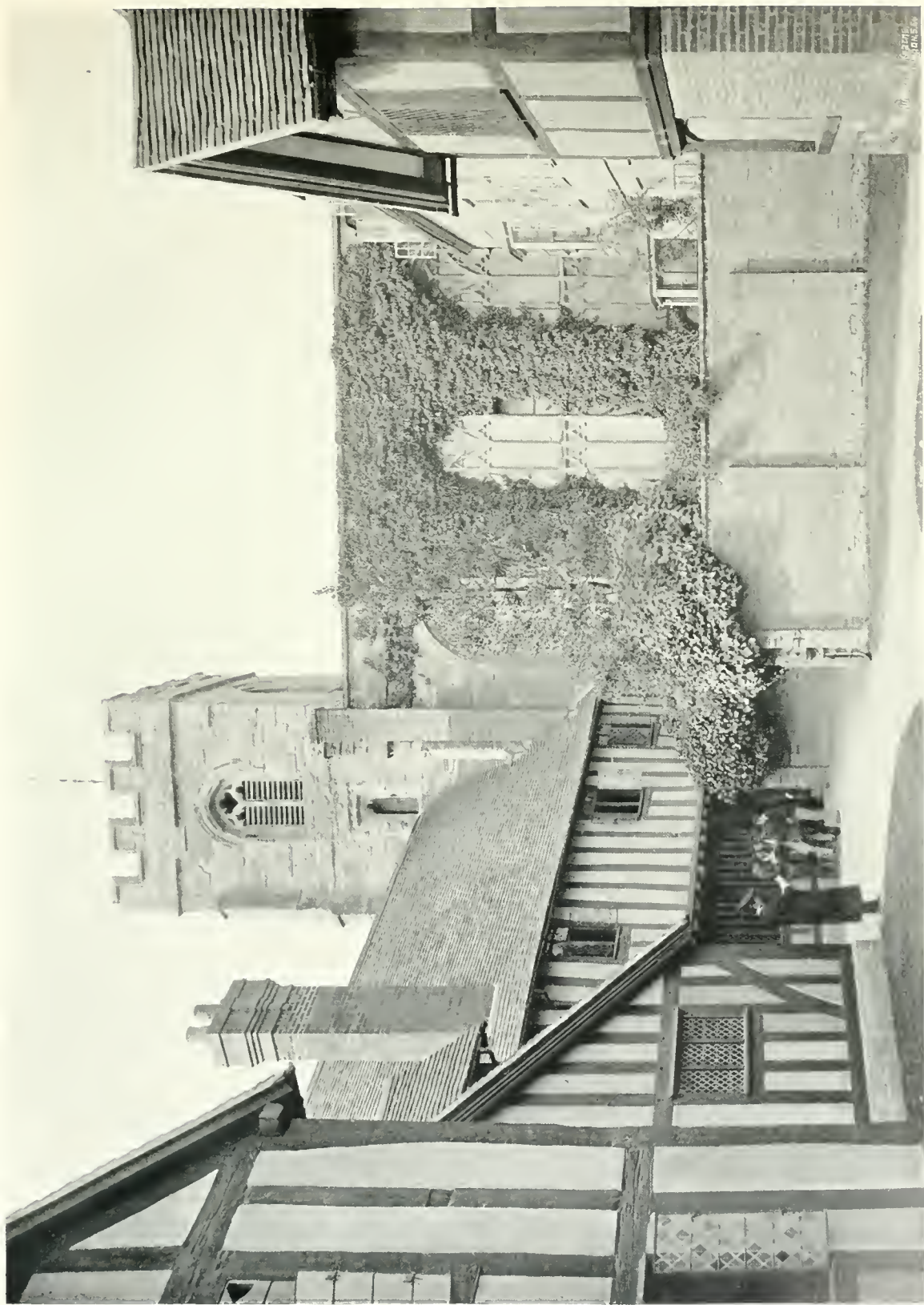
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—(i. 1)

From the windows of his house, Shakespeare could look across to the low, broad, embattled tower, the beautiful porch, and the very fine Perpendicular windows of the Guild Chapel, which stands now as it did then. The Guild, which was dissolved in 1536, nearly thirty years before the poet was born, was an ancient charitable body dedicated to the Holy Cross, the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, chiefly for the relief of the sick and necessitous. Its Chapel is a very beautiful and interesting structure, with a chancel dating from the 14th century, and a Perpendicular nave built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII. Remains of curious frescoes are still within. From the old tower, the great bell still rings out in the early morning, and again at the hour of Curfew, and, by an ancient custom, the day of the month is indicated by the number of its strokes.

Beyond the Chapel, the quaint timbered façade of the Guild Hall stretches along Church Street. It is a long, low room, whereof the heavily-timbered ceiling is supported by beams rising from the walls. Here it was that companies of strolling players in Shakespeare's time, under the protection of neighbouring nobles, were wont to beguile the men of Stratford. Undoubtedly in this place his imagination was stirred when he saw them enact



The Site of New Place.



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND GUILD CHAPEL,
FROM THE PLAYING FIELD. (13)

such plays as "Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gordobuc," his own precursors and the rude plays into the elements of which he afterwards breathed undying vitality. Well might he exclaim, when he witnessed such crude performances in that narrow space,

"Can this cock-pit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may
we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Here still remain traces of strange archaic frescoes, one being a large representation of the Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John. At the further end, through a doorway, a quaint little place known as the Armoury, Council Chamber, or "Greeting" Room is entered. Hence, a staircase leads to the school-rooms above, and they point out the place, in the corner of the Latin School, where the black-board is seen in the picture, in which tradition says that Shakespeare sat. This is a fine room with an open timber roof, supported by massive tie-beams. Behind this ancient building lie the playing field, and what is known as the Pedagogue's House, another quaint timbered structure. The Guild Hall, the School buildings, and the tower of the Chapel make a most picturesque group when seen from the rear. The Grammar School is known, as in Shakespeare's time, as that of Edward VI., but it was really founded in the time of Henry VI. by Thomas Jolyffe, a priest of the town, who belonged to the Guild. A reasonable surmise has been made that Shakespeare, after his school days, acted for a time as assistant to



The Latin School Room.

Walter Roche, the schoolmaster, who was also a scrivener. From him the poet might have gained some of the legal knowledge which is so marked in some of his plays. The ancient buildings were restored by the late Mr. Charles Edward Flower, whose name will always be revered in the honouring of Shakespeare's town. The Alms Houses, which are close by, represent another charitable work of the old Guild.

At the other end of Church Street are the buildings of Trinity College School, whence the "Old Town" leads down, by the house of Dr. John Hall, who married Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, to the Church of the Holy Trinity. In a county of fine churches this stands pre-eminent. It is a noble Perpendicular structure, by the river amid elms, with Decorated transepts, and an Early English tower, from which rises an elegant spire, of modern construction, replacing an earlier wooden one. A long avenue of limes leads to the north porch, a beautiful work, embattled, and with pinnacled buttresses, having over it the rare feature of a little "parvise," such as is seen in but few churches. There is a nine-light Perpendicular west window, and, although the nave itself belongs to the Decorated period, the Perpendicular character is imparted by the bold and singularly large windows of the clerestory, the



A Corner of the Guild Hall



THE MEMORIAL GROUP,
BY LORD RONALD GOWER.



Hudson & McLean
Photographers

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH,
FROM THE ISLAND.



The Lime Avenue, Stratford Church.

aisle windows being of the Geometrical Decorated. The chancel is wholly Perpendicular, and has five four-light windows, with transoms on either side. It is singularly beautiful within, and is separated from the nave by a delicate screen. The east window is of seven lights, filled with indifferent stained glass, and has elegant work on either side of it. The stalls and miserere seats are curious, and there are carvings at the springs of the doorway arch on the north side. The size and importance of the Church are due, in part, to the fact that it was collegiate, with a considerable staff of priests, and many altars. It may be said to have grown up about an earlier and smaller structure. John de Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, did much work there about the year 1332, and to him we owe the south aisle, at the east end of which stood the Chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, whereof the sedilia remain, and of which the altar stone

has lately been re-erected in the chancel. The chancel itself was founded by Dr. Thomas Balshall, warden of the College, who died in 1491, and whose high tomb still stands against its north wall. The beautiful north porch was added at about the same time, with the west window and the windows of the clerestory. The Church thus remains structurally as Shakespeare knew it, and it has been well restored, so that it holds much of the aspect it bore in his youth, though then doubtless it was marked by the late stripping away of many adornments, frescoes, and pious memorials of a still earlier time.

The Shakespeare monument is on the north wall, its upper part rising in front of a beautiful stained glass window, which is a memorial of the late Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, the Shakespearean scholar. The poet is represented as if writing, quill in hand, habited in a slashed doublet with collar, and the lineaments which all men know. Corinthian pillars, with marble shafts, support the cornice, above which are cherubs and the blazon of Shakespeare, surmounted by a skull. The colouring of the figure, which was covered at the suggestion of Malone, has been restored, and only an epigram remains to tell of his vandalism:

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone as he marred his plays."

The monument was sculptured by Gerard Johnson, and the features are believed to have been taken from a death mask. The inscription opens with a Latin lament for one who was a Nestor in judgment, a Socrates in genius, and a Virgil in his poetic art—more than any of these we, after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, may say. It proceeds:—

"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plait
Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom
O'icke natvre dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost, sith all yt he hath writt,
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.
Obut ano Doi 1616, Ætatis 53, Die 23 Ap."

The Shakespeare graves are below, the one nearest to the wall being that of Shakespeare's wife, with a well-known Latin inscription. Next to it the eye falls upon the poet's own, with the famous words:—

"Good frend for Iesvs sake forbear,
To digg the dvst enclosed heare;
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones"

Close by is the stone of Thomas Nash, who married Shakespeare's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, and next to it that of her father, Dr. John Hall. Elizabeth Hall, who married, for her

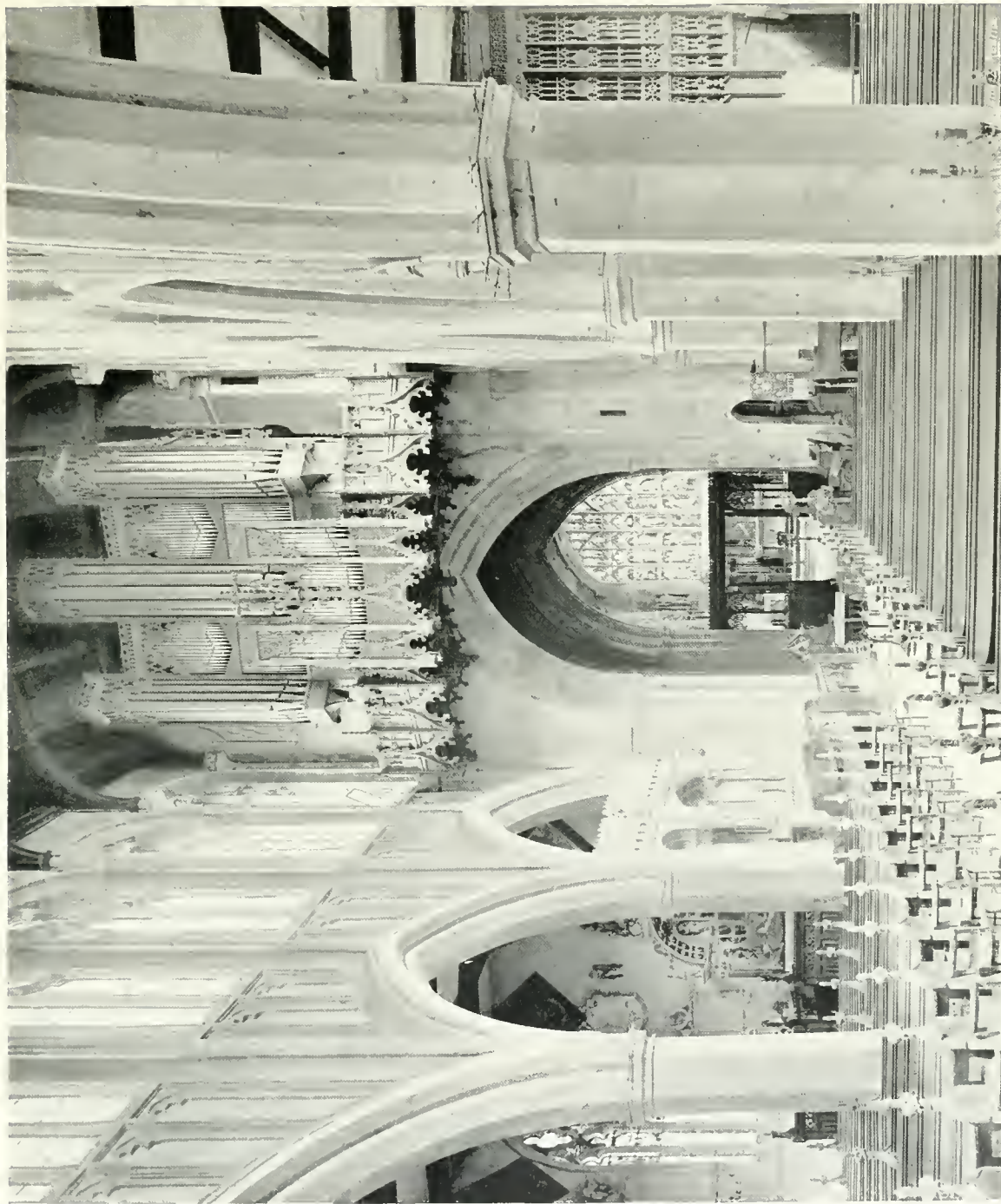


The Church, North Side.

second husband, John Barnard, afterwards knighted, of Abington, near Northampton, was the latest descendant of the poet, and died in 1670. The last Shakespeare grave-stone is that of her mother, Susanna Hall, Shakespeare's eldest daughter. It bears the well-known inscription beginning:—

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistris Hall.
Something of Shakespere was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse"

The inscription was erased about the year 1707, giving place to the memorial of one Watts, but, Dugdale having preserved it, the lines were restored in 1836. The choir is otherwise full of interest, for it contains, as I shall show, other memorials of Shakespeare's friends, as well as the altar tomb already alluded to, now much disfigured, of Dr. Thomas Balshall, its founder, Warden of the College, which formerly stood on the west side of College Lane in the town.



(19)

STRATFORD CHURCH :
THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.



The Clopton Chapel.

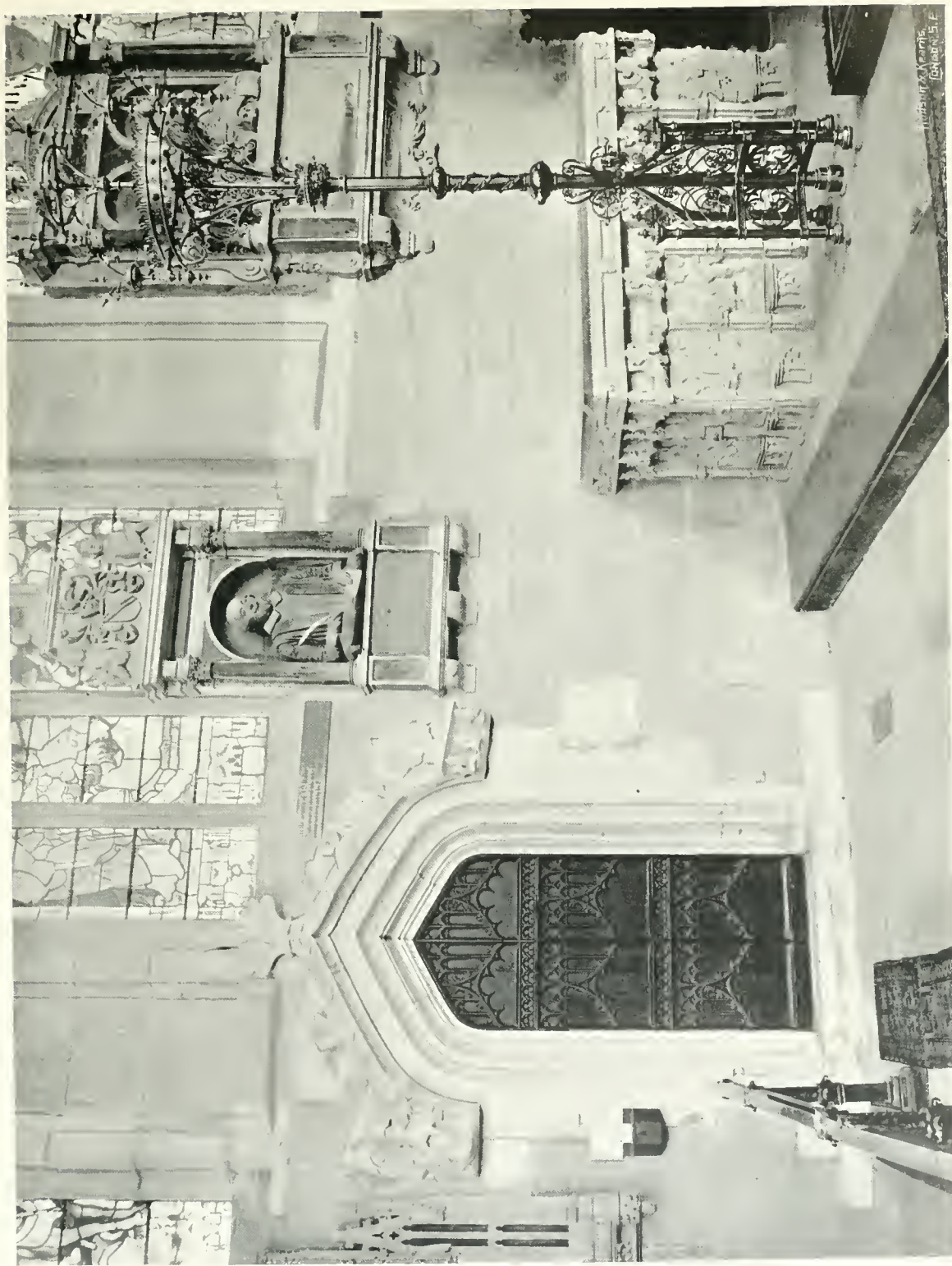
The supreme interest of the splendid Church of Stratford lies in the fact that it marks the beginning and the close of Shakespeare's career. At the west end of the south aisle is preserved the bowl of the old font in which he was baptized, and the record remains in the parish register: "1564, April 26. Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspeare." His tomb and monument, as we have seen, are in the choir. Between that babbling hour, therefore, and the day in April, 1616, on which he was buried, not as a "lean and slippered pantaloan," but in the pride of his manhood, lie the occupations of his life and the achievements of his genius, far transcending the "arithmetic of memory." Long before he returned to Stratford he was

well known as a successful dramatist, and his literary activity was continued, while he was acquiring property in Warwickshire, and busy, with the Burbages and others, in the building of the Globe Theatre in Southwark, and the management of his company of players. These thoughts are naturally suggested by the memorials of his life in Stratford Church.

But its personal interest does not end with these. The effigies of the Combes—Richard, with Judith his intended wife, and John—friends of Shakespeare, in the choir, are most remarkable. Again, at the east end of the north aisle, where the Lady Chapel was, the Clopton monuments now are, certainly all very curious and interesting. The first of these is the cenotaph of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, who died in that city and was buried in St. Margaret's, Lothbury. It was he who built the New Place, rebuilt the nave of the Guild Chapel, and erected the stone bridge. The monument of William Clopton and his wife, he in plate armour with a lion at his feet, and she in a dark robe with a white underbodice trimmed with gold, and a ruff, is remarkable through their children being sculptured above, three of them in swaddling clothes to indicate they died in infancy. More important is the splendid monument of George



The Old Font.



SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE AND MONUMENT (21)
IN THE CHANCEL.

Carew, Earl of Totnes, and Baron of Clopton, with his Countess, Joyce, the daughter of this William Clopton. The effigies are of alabaster, and repose beneath a semi-circular arch, elaborately adorned with angels, cherubim, and devices. The Earl was Master of the Ordnance under James I. He is sculptured in armour and wearing his robes, and there are implements of war to indicate his relation to the military service, as well as the shields of Carew and Griffiths, with the motto, "Tvtvs svb vmbra leonis." A lion is at his feet, and his countess is represented in a white fur robe, with tippet, a ruff round her neck, and a coronet upon her head. The colouring of the effigies is peculiar. They were restored by Sir Arthur Hodgson in 1892. To this family of Clopton, which was, of course, well known to Shakespeare, belonged Margaret Clopton, who is surmised to have been the original of Ophelia. Many other monuments in the Chapel are interesting.

One of the quaintest inscriptions in Stratford Church is that of Alderman Richard Hill, on the east wall of the south transept. He was a tradesman of the town in Shakespeare's time, a woollen draper, whose virtues survived him, and whose fame flourished still, as was testified by his servant, "S. I.," who had "beheld it with mi eie." He was a pattern, we read, to such as succeeded him in his trade.

"He did not use to sweare, to gloase, eather faigne,
His brother to defraude in bargaininge;
Hee would not strive to get excessive gaine
In ani cloathe or other kinde of thinge."



The American Window.

Like Wolsey, in the mouth of Griffith, good Master Richard Hill, had found a friend who would not that evil deeds should be written in brass, nor would commit his virtues to aught less durable.

Many other beautiful things in this remarkable Church detain the visitor, and he turns with special interest to the memorials which American travellers have added.

The most important of these is the beautiful window placed by subscription on the north side of the choir. It is the middle window of the five on that side, and depicts, in admirable colour and design, the Seven Ages of Man, not as the melancholy Jaques describes them in his picture of that worldly stage on which men and women are as players, but as they were personified by Moses, Samuel, Jacob, Joshua, Solomon, Abraham, and Isaac. Another window, "the gift of America to Shakespeare's Church," is being erected in the south transept, and, when complete, will be an excellent testimony to the strong and enduring interest which Americans take in the homeland of the immortal "Swan of Avon." In the middle light is the Madonna with the Infant Christ, and in the flanking lights are St. Egwyn, Bishop of Worcester, King Charles the Martyr, and Archbishop Laud on one hand, and Amerigo Vespucci, Christopher Columbus, and William Penn on the other, while the Pilgrim Fathers are below. Mr. Bayard, the late United States Minister, unveiled the window on Shakespeare's birthday in 1896, though two lights depicting St. Eric, first bishop of Greenland, and a bishop of Connecticut had then to be added.

The illustrations show very clearly the beautiful character of the detail of Stratford Church. The carved stalls and other of the old features are excellent, and the edifice has been conscientiously, even if too thoroughly, restored, to the delight of pilgrims to Shakespeare's shrine.



Shakespeare's Monument.



The Nave, looking West.

This beautiful Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford, which saw the beginning and end of Shakespeare's career, exercised some influence upon the course of it, we may be sure. How wide or deep that influence was we cannot tell. His mighty genius, which swept, with masterful power, through every note of human life and passion, passed from the fantastic gaiety of Titania and the fairy ring, or the ribald humour of Falstaff, to sound the sombre bitterness of Hamlet and the grim conscience of Macbeth. He turned from the boorish drunkenness of a Sly, or the rustic humour of a Touchstone or a Launce to

"A purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth"

Like Vincentio, in "Measure for Measure," he loved "the life removed," and often "held in idle price to haunt assemblies," with youth, cost and witless bravery. In such moods we find him turning to churches or seeking the counsel of reverend men. Perhaps it is here that the Church at Stratford plays its part. At all events, in churches he always treads with reverence, as he

speaks of true religious men; witness the counsel of Jacques to Touchstone and Audrey.

We know that Shakespeare was not married in the Church we have visited; but churches and friars' cells are generally associated in his plays either with weddings or funerals. There are sombre scenes, such as Westminster Abbey, where the corpse of Henry V. is discovered lying in state, and Bedford exclaims "Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!" and the churchyard, with the tragic terror of the Capulets' monument. But earlier, in the same play, we have Romeo coming, hot-blooded, that the Friar may "close our hands with holy words." Remembering Shakespeare's youthful love for the Shutterly maid, of which something may be said hereafter, it may be well, here in Stratford churchyard, to recall the milder counsels of the Friar.

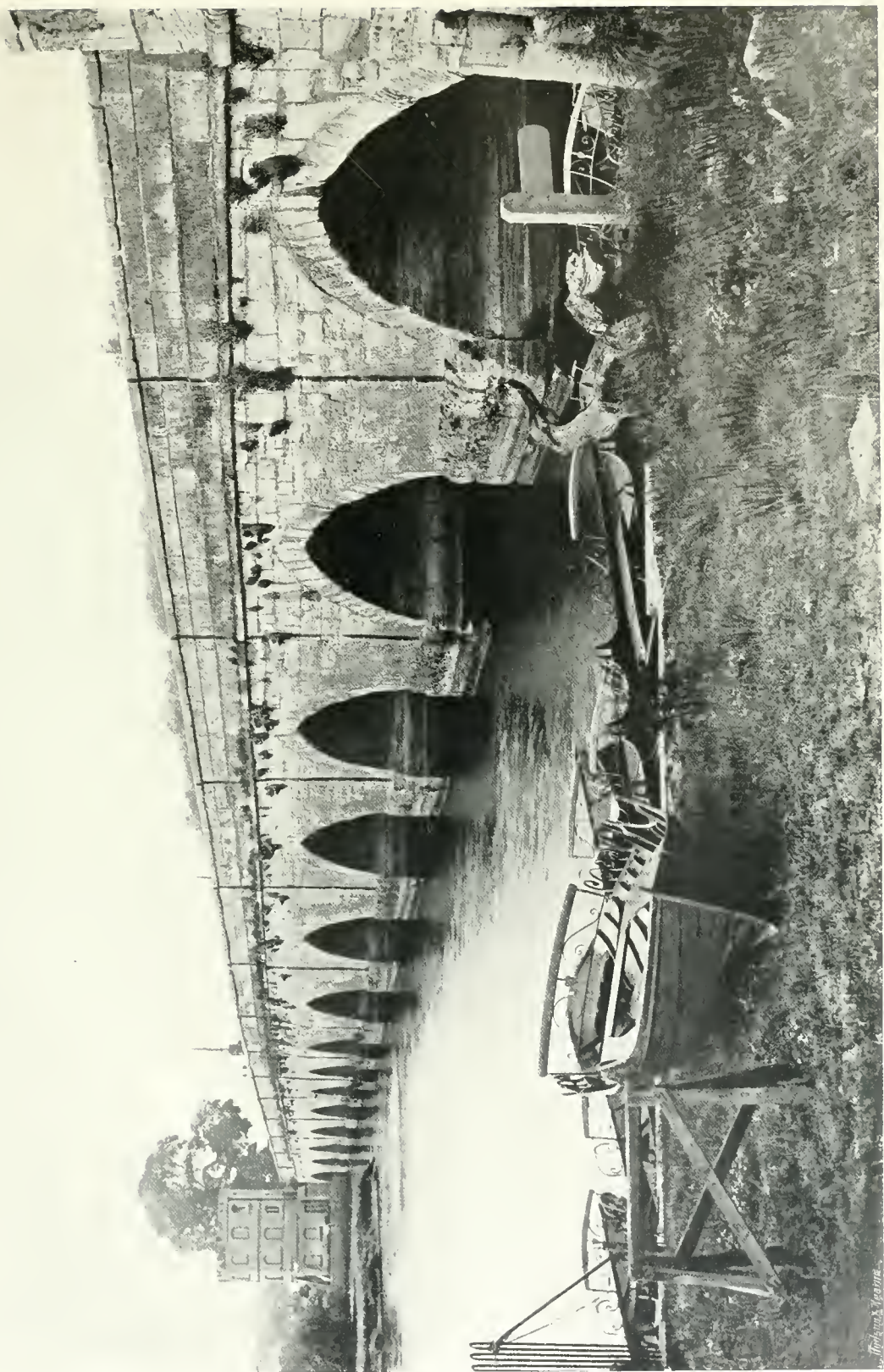
"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest
honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite
Therefore, love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

There is, too, the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," with the disturbed wedding of Claudio and Hero, which may be thought, read with knowledge, to throw some light on Shakespeare's own marriage.

So we may link Shakespeare's plays with scenes he witnessed, perhaps, in the Church at Stratford. The sexton must have been his familiar. He had heard the clown sing as he threw up skulls in the digging of graves. "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness," says Horatio. "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! . . . There's another! Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? . . . Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?" Such musings may well have passed through the mind of Shakespeare in Stratford churchyard. The bones which were thus thrown up—making his eyes "ache to think on't"—were shovelled together, as if they "cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them," and carried to the charnel-house, which stood on the north side of the chancel. This had apparently been an aisle in earlier times, but, in Shakespeare's day, had become a place of horror, reflected in the lines upon his grave which beg rest for his bones. The charnel-house was some thirty feet long,



STRATFORD CHURCH AND MEMORIAL
IN WINTER.



THE ANCIENT BRIDGE,
ERECTED BY SIR HUGH CLOPTON.

fifteen feet wide and very high. It was taken down in the year 1800, but traces of it were discovered in 1882, when huge piles of sculls were found upon its site. Visitors to Stratford Church will not regret the demolition of it.

But now, leaving behind us the church, and the churchyard, with its yews and upstanding grave-stones, let us further, as Sebastian might have said, "go see the reliques of this town," ere we "bespeak our diet" in the very hostel, it so we will, where Washington Irving abode. Very pleasant it is, at the outset, returning Stratfordward by the river, to see the house of a true and generous lover of our national bard. For eastward of the Church is Avon Bank, once the residence of Mr. Charles E. Flower, and afterwards of his widow, who has continued his munificence. It was he who restored the Guildhall and presented the site for the Shakespeare Memorial buildings, which stand adjacent and very prominent by the river.

The erection of these arose out of the ter-centenary festival of 1864, when the idea of erecting a national memorial to Shakespeare was discussed. To honour Shakespeare in some such way had entered into the mind of others. Garrick indulged a dream that Stratford might become a centre of Shakespeare study, and a school of acting and elocution. On the occasion of the festival of 1769, a wooden amphitheatre was erected where the Bancroft Gardens now are, in which many performances took place. Garrick, who was much interested in the proceedings, had a statue of the dramatist made at his own cost, which he afterwards presented to the Stratford Town Hall, a Tuscan building, in Chapel Street, where it now stands in a niche. The idea took further shape, but without practical fruit, in 1820, when Charles Mathews the comedian, presented to the people of Stratford, in their town hall, his last new entertainment, entitled "Country Cousins and the Sights of London," at the conclusion of which, as the play-bill preserved in the Memorial Library records, he had "the honour of submitting to the audience the nature of some proposals that have been suggested for the purpose of erecting, in the form of a Theatre in Stratford, a national monument and mauso-

leum to the immortal memory of Shakespeare."

The existing structure is of a very striking character, but has a somewhat Continental appearance. It comprises a splendid library, embracing every class of literature which throws light upon Shakespeare or his times, a theatre in which his plays are periodically enacted, and a picture gallery in which are some most interesting works, including representations of many scenes in the plays from the easels of well-known artists, and a large collection of engravings. Once a year, in the Festival week, in April, Shakespeare students and lovers throng to Stratford to honour his memory, and several of his plays are then represented in the theatre. To this work Mr. Flower was a most generous giver, and it may be hoped that many will follow in his footsteps. Close by the theatre stands the



Holy Trinity Church from the Lock on the Avon.



The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

monument which Lord Ronald Gower presented to the town. The figure of Shakespeare is good, and those of Lady Macbeth, Falstaff, Prince Henry, and Hamlet are really admirable.

Beyond the Shakespeare Memorial are the Bancroft Gardens, and then we reach the Clopton Bridge, a very remarkable structure of fourteen principal arches, with a causeway at either end lifting the roadway above the meadows, which were often flooded in former times. It was erected by Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, in the days of Henry VII., and has since been widened. This was the same Sir Hugh who built the house which afterwards became the New Place of Shakespeare, and rebuilt the nave of the Guild Chapel. Across the bridge is the Banbury Road, and from the bridge foot the visitor returns to town.

The rustic life of neighbouring Warwickshire may be studied in the picturesque scenes of the Market Place, on market-days, when the farmers bring in their produce to sell. It was just so in Shakespeare's time, though then a row of houses with stalls stood in the middle of the broad space, and there were hostels there, as now, for the refreshment of the market-men. But in Shakespeare's days Stratford was a far more picturesque place than in these—a rural market town, almost wholly built of

timber, with structures such as the "Birth-place" and the "Five Gables" lining the streets and overhanging the roadway. Sanitation had not yet destroyed its unsavoury rusticity, nor fire swept away many of its buildings.

The "Red Horse" is one of the inns in the Market Place, where still the arm-chair, poker and clock of Washington Irving may be seen; and we can picture him making his "empire" there, as Shakespeare perhaps had done, and as Falstaff does in the play, with a chair for his state, a dagger for his sceptre, and a cushion for his crown. "To a homeless man," said the famous Knickerbocker, "who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into his slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker is his sceptre, and the little parlour, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire." The parlour thus immortalized is the front room on the left on entering the gateway of the inn.



THE MARKET PLACE,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



WASHINGTON IRVING'S ROOM,
THE RED HORSE INN. (28)



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE,
FROM THE GARDEN.



The Clopton Bridge.

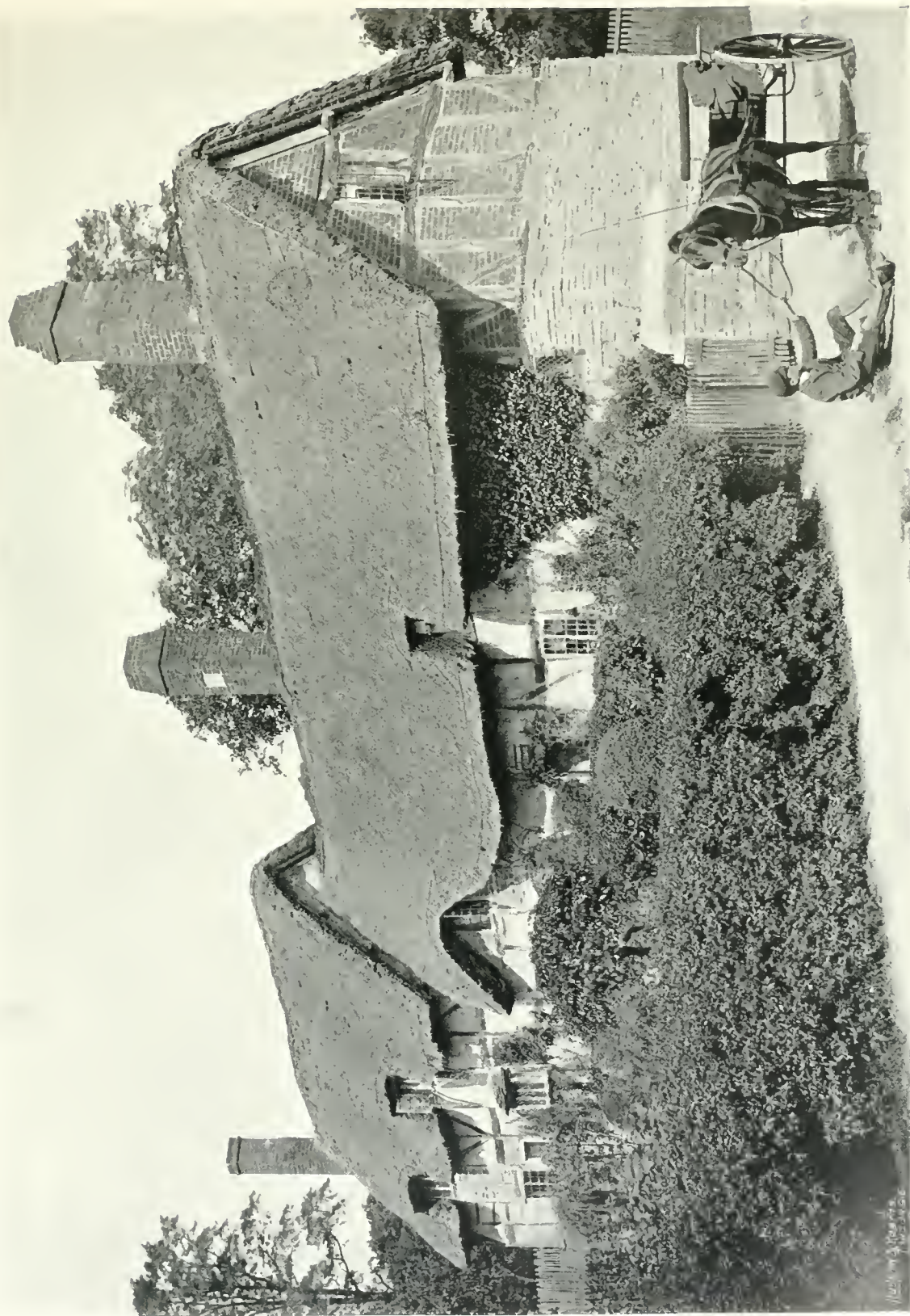
There are two places within a short walk of Stratford closely associated with Shakespeare. A mile and a half north-west of the town stands the Clopton House, a gabled mansion that he knew, now much changed, indeed, from its early state. This was the Manor house of the Cloptons in his day, and they say he resorted to it often for reading and study. It has been surmised that the second scene of the "induction" of "The Taming of the Shrew" was cast there. The story of Charlotte Clopton, who is fabled to have been buried alive in the Clopton Chapel, and is known as the "ghost lady," may probably have suggested to him an incident in "Romeo and Juliet." The romance of Margaret Clopton (daughter of William Clopton, who died in 1592), said to have drowned herself, out of hopeless love behind Clopton House, where still her spirit "walks," may have been in his mind when he wrote the end of distraught Ophelia. Clopton House is now the seat of Sir Arthur Hodgson, and remains a place of very fine character, with many historical associations. The deluded plotters, devising their schemes in 1604-5, while Cecil gave them rope enough to hang themselves, resorted to it, invited by Ambrose Rookwood, a recusant. The "priest's room" is in the roof, where they are said to have assembled. When the plot was discovered, the Bailiff of Stratford searched the place, and found there a number of copes, vestments, crosses, crucifixes, chalices, "and other massing reliques." The house has a very fine panelled dining-room, with a deep bay, which has much storied glass in its panes, and the walls are lined with old portraits, including the mother of Cromwell, General Ireton, and the Queen of Bohemia. A Shakespeare

by Wright, 1688, has been lent to the Memorial Gallery. The staircase, too, and other parts of this interesting mansion are noteworthy.

We leave Stratford now to visit some neighbouring places more or less associated with the bard, but Shottery must be linked with the town itself—Shottery, at a short distance across the fields, the village where Shakespeare won his bride. It is a quiet rural spot, with many a delightful "bit" for the artist. They still show a quaint, thatched, half-timber, cottage, with its gable facing the road, a true old English farmstead, with a rustic garden before, as that in which she lived. Upon this matter there is, indeed, no certainty, for three families bearing the name of Hathaway were then located in the vicinity. Richard Hathaway, husbandman, whose will was proved in July, 1582, left a small sum by way of dowry to his daughter Agnes, a name sometimes interchanged with that of Anne—Shakespeare's marriage took place in December of the same year—and Hathaway's shepherd, in a will made in 1601, refers to "Anne Shaxpere, wyfe unto Mr.



The Clopton House, Stratford.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE,
SHOTTERY.



The Interior of Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

Wylliam Shaxpere." Two neighbours, who supervised and witnessed the will of Richard Hathaway, were also sureties in the bond, sealed with the initials "R.H.," for the marriage of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. Thus many points relating to this matter seem clear, though the place where the ceremony actually took place is not known.

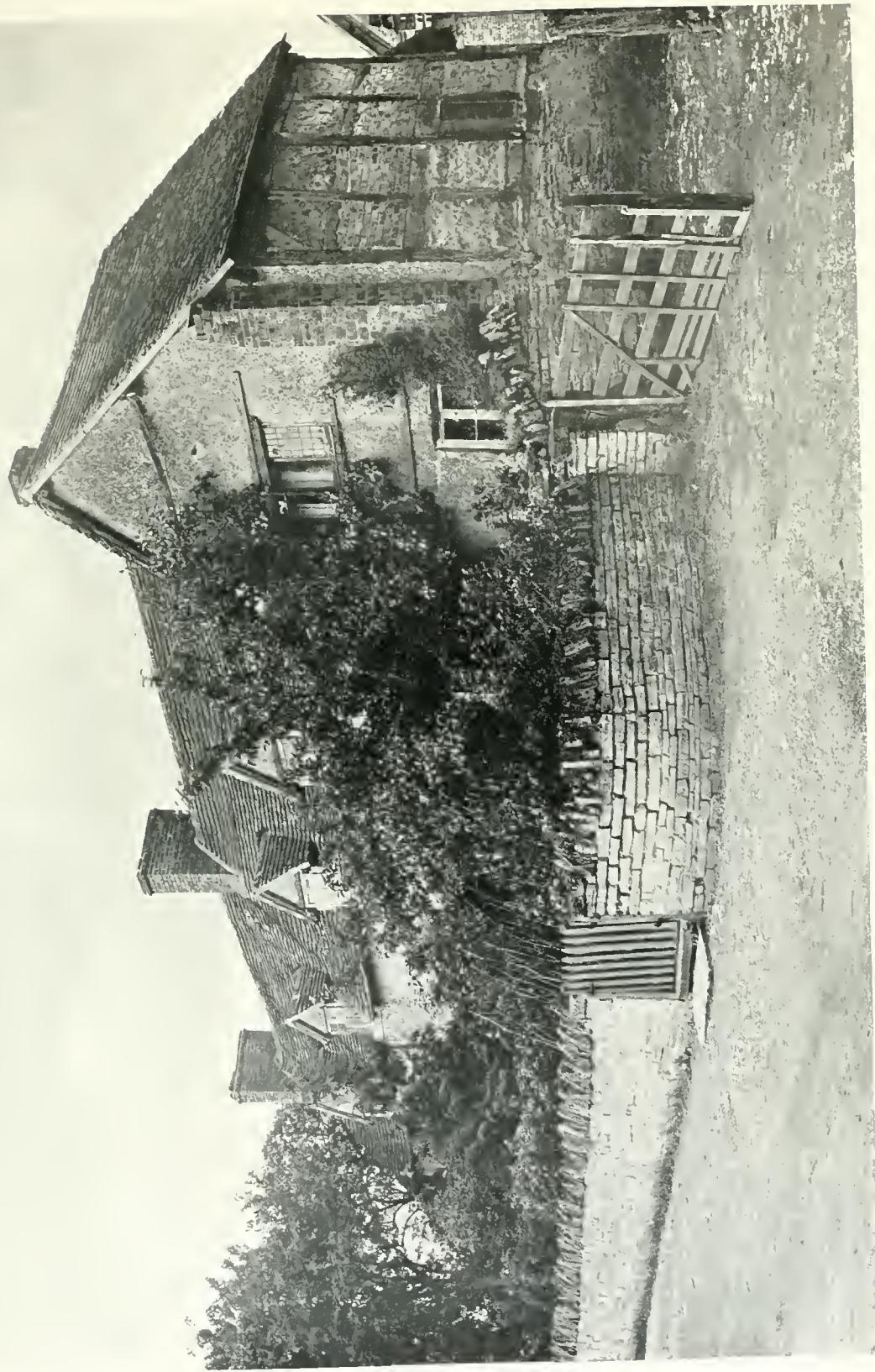
But into the interesting questions that surround the marriage of Shakespeare I will not enter. Some have surmised that the "hand-

fasting" preceded the ceremony; others, with great plausibility, that the marriage was performed by a priest of the "old learning." In Shottery Manor, there is a quaint room in the roof, with huge beams, which was, perhaps, the scene of a ceremony that would necessarily have been performed in secret. That there was something remarkable about the marriage seems probable, and it is certainly worth noticing that, in "As You Like It," when Touchstone is about to be married by Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, Jaques asks him if he will be married thus, "under a bush, like a beggar." "Get you to church," he says, "and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp."

But we may dismiss from our minds any strictures that have been offered in regard to Shakespeare's early relations with Anne. It is more pleasant, and, perhaps, more profitable, to regard the rustic cottage at Shottery as the scene of his wooing when he held "good name in man or woman" to be "the immediate jewel of their souls," and to think of Anne as a maiden free from reproach as Hero, and the one who inspired him with the pure and noble passion that irradiates with emotional splendour all that is best in his plays. The house, like the Birthplace and the New Place



Anne Hathaway's Bed.



THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S MOTHER,
WILMCOTE,

Museum, is cared for by the Birthplace Trust. It is a humble dwelling, such as a husbandman of Shakespeare's days might well have lived in, though it is changed somewhat in these. There is, upstairs, an old carved four-post bedstead, which is ascribed, somewhat doubtfully, to Anne Hathaway. Mrs. Baker, a descendant of the Hathaways, who took a simple pride in the house, lived in it, sitting sometimes, as she is seen in the picture, by the ingle-nook, with the bible by her side, wherein the generations of the Hathaways are recorded, or coming anon to the door to welcome the stranger. She died in 1899, and has been succeeded by her son.

Ragley Hall beyond the Arrow, we reach Bidford, with a curious church, and the Falcon Inn, to which Shakespeare is said to have resorted. But, before reaching the village, the successor may be seen of "Shakespeare's crab-tree," under which he is said to have slept off the effects of a carouse. "Drunken Bidford" appears in that epigram which characterises other neighbouring villages, but, without reciting its lines, it may be useful to say that "Piping Pebworth," "Dancing Marston," "Haunted Hillborough," and "Hungry Grafton" are all hereabout. At Bidford we may cross the river, and return to Stratford on the



The Vicarage, Clifford Chambers.

SHAKESPEARE VILLAGES.

Surrounding Stratford are many rustic villages associated with Shakespeare or his family, and imagination will weave the thread of his fancy with the sights and sounds of that beautiful land. Picturesque Luddington still remains, where it is possible he was married. Tradition has long averred the story, though there is no witness to the fact.

The village lies by the Avon on its right bank, about three miles from Stratford. Beyond it, the Binton Bridges span the river, there with an island in the middle, in most picturesque fashion. The manor house of "Haunted Hillborough," a Tudor dwelling, lies a little further along the stream, and then, proceeding through lovely country, with a fine view of

left bank. There is delightfully rural and picturesque Welford on the way.

Clifford Chambers, its neighbour, possesses still a venerable house with upright and horizontal beam-work, which is rare in its quaintness, with a gable at either end, the "house-body" in the middle, and an external staircase. Here dwelt, in Shakespeare's time, a certain John Shakespeare, but that he was the poet's father none can say. The village lies a little apart, upon the tributary Stour; but, returning to Stratford by the Avon, we may pass through the tangled shades of the Weir Brake, by a pathway overhung by many a tree—

"Whose antique root peeps out,

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

Here it is fabled that Shakespeare weaved the fancies of his "Midsummer Night's Dream."



VIEWS AT LUDDINGTON.



Billesley Hall.

The places named lie to the south and west of Stratford, but on every side of the town there are villages of picturesque interest filled with Shakespearean associations. At Billesley, which lies north-west of the town, about two miles beyond Shottery, they claim also to have had the honour of marrying Shakespeare. There, at any rate, his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, Shakespeare's last descendant, as we have seen, married Sir John Barnard. It has been surmised that Shakespeare visited Billesley Hall, which is a venerable and interesting mansion, approached between two urn-capped pillars, where, as at the Clopton House, a "priest's hiding-place," and beautiful panelled rooms and carvings remain from those stirring Tudor times.

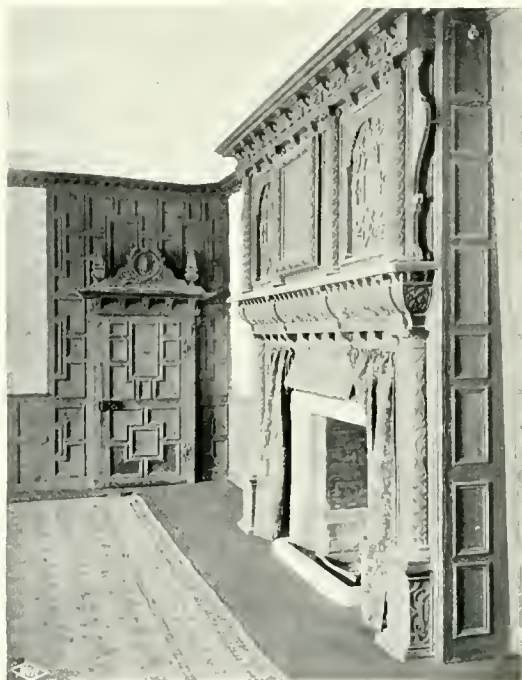
Temple Grafton, between Billesley and Bidford, is another pleasant village, standing upon a height, with a great view southwards towards the Cotswolds. The Church was taken down in 1875 and rebuilt. There is some documentary evidence tending to show that Shakespeare may actually have been married therein, for, in the Episcopal Register at Worcester, under the date of November 27th, 1582, the day before that of the marriage bond referred to, there is record of license for a marriage between "Willelmum Shaxpere et Annam Whateley de Temple Gratton." The incorrect descriptions of name and place have been variously explained by commentators. The poet had, perhaps, in his mind's eye, the magnificent view here, when he bethought him of the local allusion in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where Slender speaks of Page's fallow dog, which, he said, had been "out-run on Cotsall."

More certainly associated with Shakespeare is Wilmcote, where the house of Mary Arden, his mother, still stands. It has been a good

deal modernised, but is a half-timber structure, which forms, with the neighbouring farm buildings, a most picturesque group.

The Ardens were a family of consideration in John Shakespeare's time, tracing their descent to a Saxon Ailwin, and even to Guy of Warwick and King Athelstan. Robert Arden, of Park Hall, appears to have fought much and suffered a good deal in the Wars of the Roses, losing his head on the block for his share therein, in 1452. His son Walter, who married a Hampden, of Great Hampden, though restored by Edward IV., seems to have been a poorer man. Sir John Arden, Walter's eldest son, was an Esquire of the body to Henry VII., while

the second son Thomas Arden, was of Wilmcote, in the parish of Aston Cantlow, and was the poet's great-grandfather. This Thomas Arden, in 1501, became possessed of land at Snitterfield, which was afterwards tenanted by the Shakespeares. Robert Arden, his son, had seven daughters, of whom Mary, wife of John Shakespeare, and the poet's mother, was the youngest. Her family was one of many branches in Warwickshire. Edward Arden, who fell under displeasure, partly because of his religion and partly because, with



The Drawing Room, Billesley Hall.



The Arden House, Wilmcote.

Sir Thomas Lucy and others, he refused to wear Leicester's livery, was implicated with his son-in-law and another in a plot against Elizabeth, and was executed at Smithfield. It cannot be shown that the Shakespeares were of equal gentility to the Ardens, and a reasonable surmise is that John Shakespeare, before he fell upon evil times, aimed to raise his family to a worthy level, and to mark its position by the arms for which he applied, when Bailiff of Stratford, in 1569-70. His claim was based upon his honourable office, upon a grant by Henry VII. to his antecessors—afterwards changed, in the draft, into "grandfather"—for service done, and upon his marriage to the daughter of a gentleman of worship in the person of Robert Arden.

The house of Wilmcote—often, in old times, called Wincot—stands a little back from the road, with an old garden before it, and is very picturesque from the rear—a building of two stories, with dormers and good gables. Wilmcote village is a rustic place, famed aforetime for the potency of its ale. It was the scene of the carouse of Christopher Sly, who appeals to its evidence when the servants of the Lord, in the "induction" to the "Taming of the Shrew," would persuade him, on his awakening, into untamilar gentility. "Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not;

if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."

Aston Cantlow (originally Cantelupe) is some two miles away. It is another very pretty village of the charming Warwickshire type, with old timber houses overlooking its green. The Church, too, is an interesting structure, much of it dating from the 13th century, consisting of a nave with an aisle on the north side, a chapel, a chancel, and an embattled tower at the west end. The village lies by the little river Alne, on the road from Alcester to Warwick, and there is delightful journeying to either. Warwick-ward the way is by Bearley to Snitterfield, whence the Shakespeares came to Stratford. Charles II., flying from the field of Worcester, had more than one hairbreadth escape hereabout. At Bearley Cross, travelling in disguise as servant to the daughter of Colonel Lane, of Bentley, towards Bristol, with his supposed mistress behind him upon the pillion, he narrowly eluded a troop of Cromwell's horse, who were eagerly on the alert, for it was known he had escaped from Whiteladies. Beyond the scene of this historic episode the road to Warwick passes through Bearley and Snitterfield Bushes, most lovely relics of the old woodland of Arden, abounding with picturesque beauties, melodious with birds, and redolent of wildflowers in the spring.

Beyond Snitterfield we shall not trace it. Richard Shakespeare, who was almost certainly the poet's grandfather, lived in the



Aston Cantlow.

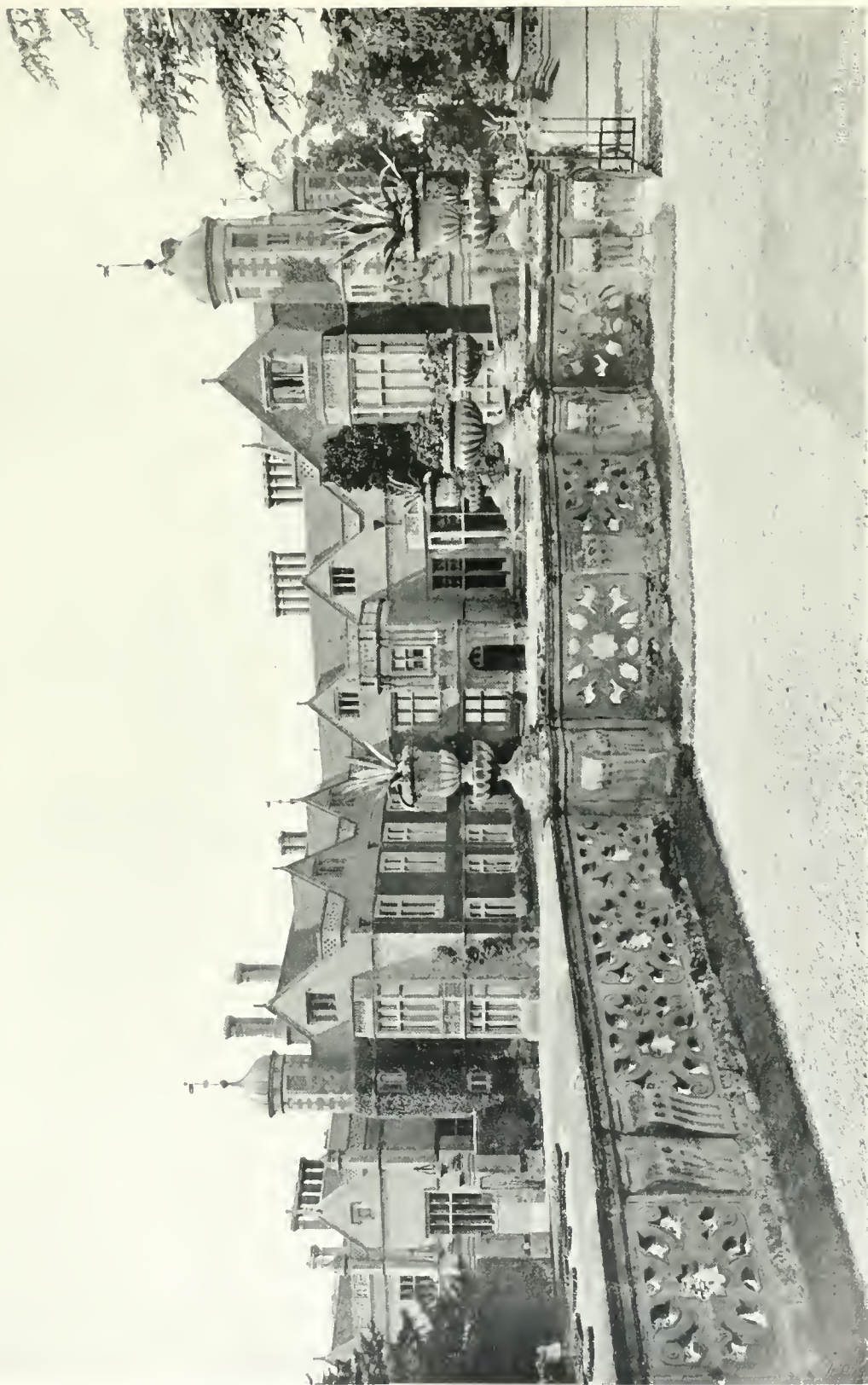
village, and there we reasonably surmise his father was born. John Shakespeare, after settling in Stratford, continued to hold property in Snitterfield, until, in the time of his falling fortunes, when some persecution was evidently directed against him, he was compelled to dispose of it. The Church is a good structure of the Decorated and Perpendicular periods, with a broad, low, embattled tower, and octagonal and clustered shafts. Within, the carved woodwork is particularly rich and interesting and well deserving of study. Richard Jago, the poet, was long Vicar of the place, and the house in which he lived still stands, a very quaint old gabled building. A magnificent yew and several splendid limes are in the churchyard. Snitterfield Hall has long been destroyed.

This account of "Shakespeare Villages" might have been extended further. The history of the country neighbouring Stratford might also have been dwelt upon. Some allusion has already been made to the deluded plotters of 1604-5, who lived in this vicinity. Whether Shakespeare had any sympathy with the conspiracy we cannot tell. If so, he never betrayed it. Probably he knew, better than his Warwickshire neighbours, how far-reaching were the ramifications of the scheme, and what desperate purposes were entertained. Some of his company of players had been

concerned in the rebellion of Essex and Southampton, and he must have known many who came to the call of Sir Everard Digby at Dunchurch. Ambrose Rookwood, the friend of Catesby, lived, as we have seen, at the Clopton House, to which Catesby, Wright, Winter, Keyes, the Grants, and others resorted. John Grant resided at Northbrook, near Snitterfield, where was the plotters' storehouse of arms. There they rested in their flight to Huddington on the morning of December 6th, 1605, and thence it was that Sir Everard Digby despatched Catesby's servant with a message to Coughton Court, the Throckmorton's place, near Alcester, giving to his friends, anxiously awaiting news, the terrible story of failure.



The Church, Aston Cantlow.



THE TERRACE,
CHARLECOTE HALL.



Charlecote Hall, from the River.

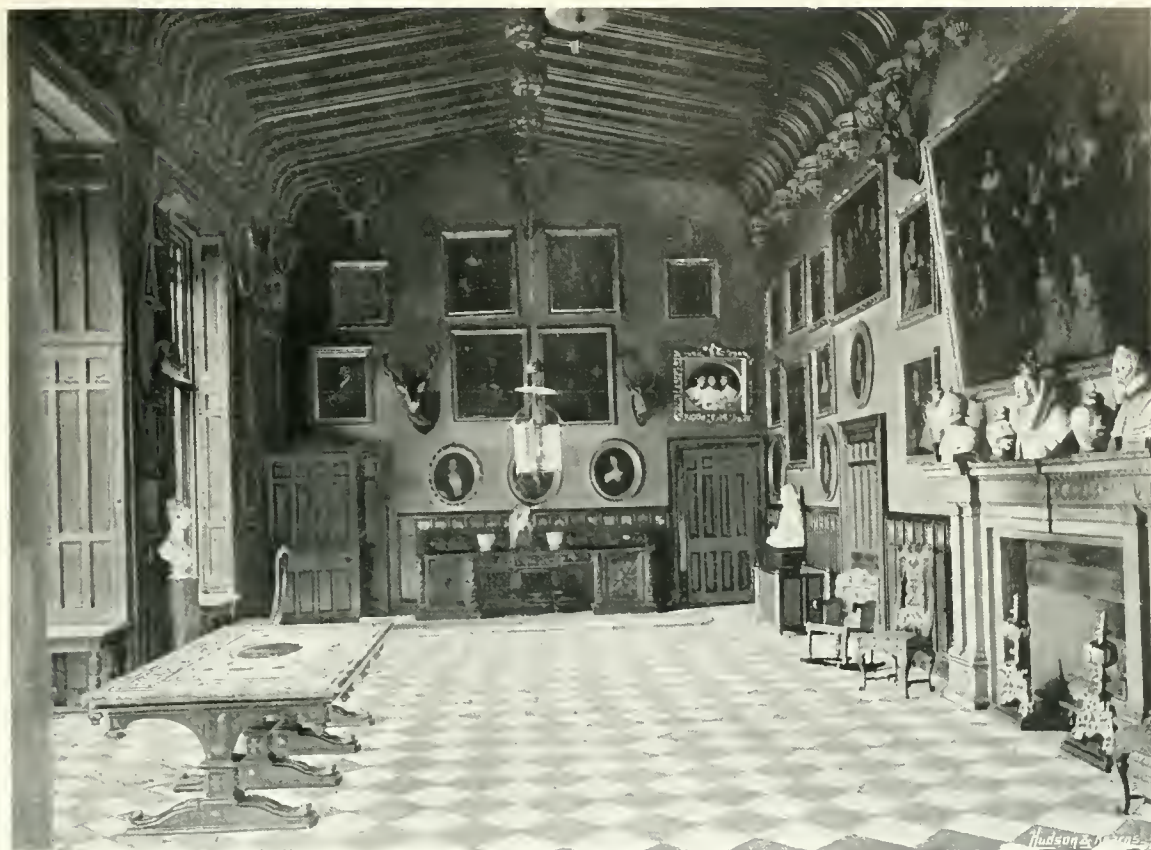
CHARLECOTE.

Let us now turn to Charlecote, which lies to the east of Stratford, close by the Avon, and at a distance of some three miles from the town. This is one of the finest Elizabethan houses in the county, and, indeed, in all England, always to be associated with Shakespeare, not so much because of his traditionary poaching of game there, but because the quarrel between the poet and Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, was, in all probability, the cause of his leaving Stratford and joining the players in London. The house has all the venerable charm of mellow old brickwork, many-windowed walls, picturesque chimney stacks and turrets, quaint gardens, and a far-spreading park diversified by noble trees, beloved of the rooks, and with the classic Avon flowing through the midst. Sir Thomas Lucy was a very important man hereabout, standing high in the favour of Elizabeth, who visited him when his house was scarcely out of the hands of the builders. He was one of the Commissioners appointed to draw up lists of recusants in the county, and in some of the lists so prepared the name of Shakespeare's father appears. It seems quite certain that the Shakespeares fell under the knight's displeasure, for it must not be forgotten that one of the Ardens, who was akin to them, a gentleman of the old religion, was implicated in a plot against the Queen, and laid down his life, as we have seen. Whether, then, we are to hold to the traditionary story of the poaching, or believe that deeper causes lay at the root of the antipathy between Lucy and Shakespeare, we cannot but see that the poet intended to

satirise him, and did so to all time, in the pedantic coxcomb who struts through the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and the second part of "Henry IV." as Robert Shallow, Esquire, the country Justice, who was "custalorum," "ratolorum," as well as "armigero." It is keen satire, indeed; so scathing that we cannot but see that Shakespeare was here wreaking vengeance upon one who had done him a real or supposed wrong. Sir Thomas Lucy's family were of high antiquity in Warwickshire, but Falstaff pictures Shallow as one who "came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion." "I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring, when he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. . . And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him." We see how, as if it had been William Shakespeare himself, the Justice receives his servant's plea for that "arrant knave," William Visor, "of Wincot"; and Shallow has just told us that arrant knaves "will backbite." We remember, too, Hamlet's advice to stand well with the players. The lute was a device in the shield of the Lucys, and Slender says of Shallow,

"All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lutes in their coat."

Yet there is something pleasant about the "cavaliero-justice," and we can yet, as it were, enter his orchard with him, and "eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways." Sir Thomas Lucy was a



The Great Hall, Charlecote.

proud man, and we can picture him, the long lineage squire, rising a knight when Elizabeth enters his hall, never to forget the hour. To this day, his keen eye looks down upon the visitor from the wall of Charlecote Hall. There is evidence that the story of the deer-poaching was believed in Warwickshire in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and there were grave reasons, doubtless—perhaps graver than deer-poaching—for Shakespeare's flight to London. But, if, indeed, as Shallow says, the venison was "ill-killed," we may believe, with Washington Irving, that to Shakespeare this "poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was, doubtless, like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager and as yet untamed imagination as something delightfully adventurous."

In some respects Charlecote Hall is unique in character. It lies in a noble park of more than two hundred acres, now well stocked with red and fallow deer—though it is contended that in Shakespeare's time it was not formally imparked for the purpose of deer-keeping—and you approach it through a splendid gate-house, under a round arch, with a beautiful oriel window over it, the whole surmounted by a long perforated cresting, and there are octagonal turrets at the corners crowned with

cupolas. Like the house itself, the gate-house is of brick, with stone dressings. Between it and the hall lies the enclosed garden, with twisted beds and box edgings, flanked by a very beautiful balustrade, which is perforated in a singular fashion, characteristically in keeping with the house, with flower vases at every bend and angle.

The centre block of the mansion has three gables and a fine projecting porch, and great wings run out on either hand, so that the ground plan is roughly that of the letter E. The porch has some peculiarities. At each side of its round-headed doorway are Ionic pilasters, and above, flanking the coat-of-arms and the two-light mullioned window, are detached composite shafts resting upon brackets. Above runs the same perforated cresting which is found in many parts of the building. The projecting wings are many gabled, too; octagonal turrets, like those of the gate, are at the corners; and the various chimney stacks are a bold and characteristic feature. All is as Sir Thomas Lucy left it, save that, on one side, a library and dining-room were built in 1833, in exact keeping with the architectural character of the house, the imposing aspect of which they enhance.

The great hall, which is entered through the porch, is a splendid apartment, hung with fine pictures, including a remarkable painting of Sir Thomas Lucy in sober black, with Joyce, his lady, and his children, all quaintly depicted by Cornelius Janssen. The apartment is richly panelled, and lighted by several great windows, of which one is a splendid bay with much armorial glass in its upper lights, including the lucas, at which Sir Hugh Evans makes ribald merriment in the play. The roof is slightly pitched, the beams are well moulded, and the bosses richly carved. Space is wanting to give here a list of the pictures hung in the hall. They include many portraits of the Lucy family, going back to the 17th century, some of them by Kneller and Lely. Other Charlecote portraits are of Lord Herbert of Cherbury (on copper), and of William Bromley, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1710-14.

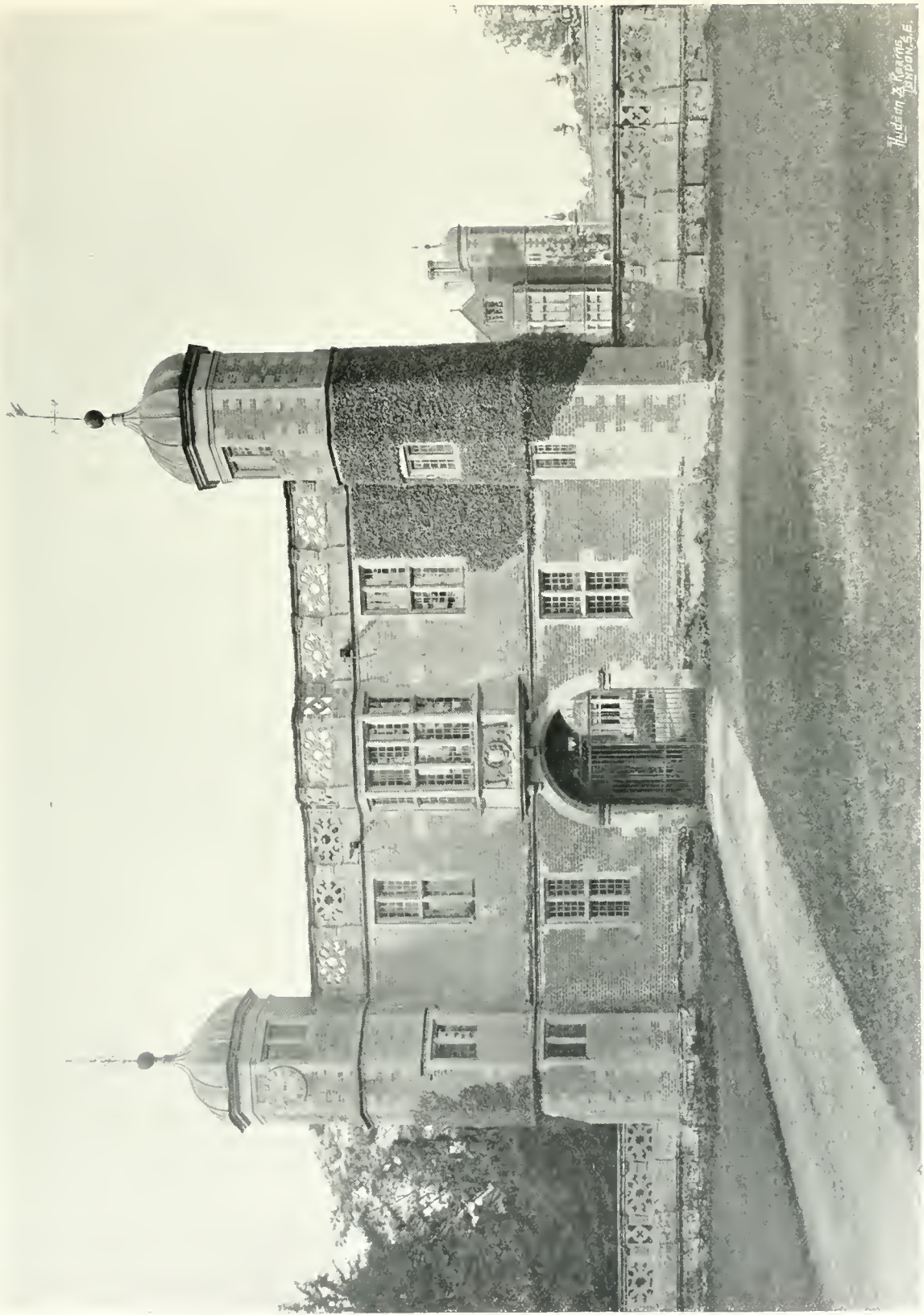
The dining-room and library, which are modern, as I have said, are fine rooms in the south wing. The dining-room, especially, has a splendid plaster ceiling and much excellent carving. It is hung with many game-pieces, including one of Snyder's, which has a figure by Van Dyck, and its windows command a wide

view of the country. Among the pictures in the library are portraits of Henry VIII. by Holbein, Elizabeth by Sir Antonio More, Lord Strafford by Stone, Queen Henrietta Maria by Van Dyck, and the Duchess of Ferrara by Titian. Other pictures in this room are by Velasquez, Guido Reni, Valentin, and Gainsborough. Here, too, is a splendid suite of furniture—two cabinets, a couch, an armchair, and eight chairs of ebony and ivory—given by Elizabeth to her "sweet Robin" at Kenilworth, and brought thence to Charlecote. The drawing-room is another magnificent apartment, and upon its walls hang many fine pictures of the Italian and Dutch schools, including a superb Madonna by Fra Bartolommeo, and St. Cecilia by Domenichino, works of Titian, Giorgione, Carlo Dolce, and many others, as well as portraits of Queen Mary by Sir Antonio More, and Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick of that family, by Zuccheri.

From every point of view Charlecote Hall groups most picturesquely. The placid Avon flows close by its garden, and reflects the turrets and walls upon which Shakespeare must sometimes have gazed. The park is richly wooded, and dense belts of trees enframe broad stretches of beautiful meadow. A



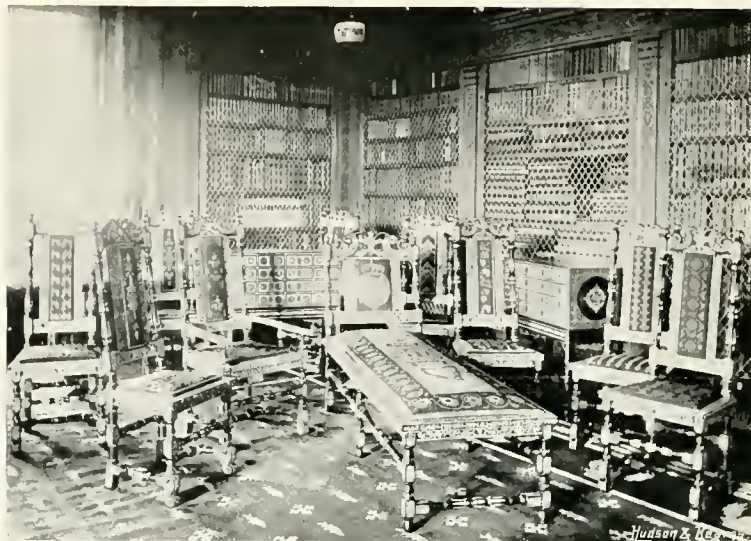
The Library, Charlecote.



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THE GATE HOUSE,
CHARLECOTE

splendid avenue of elms leads to the Church, a modern structure in the Decorated style, dating from 1853. In many respects it is very beautiful, but has nothing so remarkable as the three monuments of the Lucys, which are in a mortuary chapel, separated by a richly carved oaken screen from the chancel. Beneath a rose window is the altar tomb of the Sir Thomas Lucy, of Shakespeare's day, and his wife Joyce. The tomb is classic in its character, and the knight is represented in plate-armour, with hands uplifted and bare head, while his wife is habited in a close-fitting gown with a coif upon her head. In front the tomb has two panels, with sculptured kneeling figures representing Thomas and Anne, the children of the deceased. Sir Thomas wrote an eulogy of his wife, which is inscribed upon a black marble slab above, extolling her Christian virtues, and pronouncing her to have been singular as a housewife and mother, a maintainer of hospitality, esteemed by "her betters," and "misliked of none but the envious." Opposite to this monument is another altar tomb to the memory of the knight's son, another Sir Thomas, who is also represented in plate-armour, in a similar



The Elizabethan Suite, Charlecote.

attitude. A curious feature is the figure of his second wife at the side of the tomb, kneeling upon a cushion in the attitude of prayer, and wearing a black gown with a tippet, and a ruff round her neck. This figure is of painted stone. The third tomb is of the third Sir Thomas Lucy, also with his wife, who was the daughter and heiress of Thomas Spencer, of Claverdon. This knight was killed by a fall from his horse, and, in the manner of his time, is represented in a recumbent attitude, resting upon his elbow, while the head of his



The Garden Gate, Charlecote.

wife reposes upon a cushion. The tomb is surmounted by a canopy resting upon beautiful columns. The effigies are the work of the famous Bernini, who played so great a part during the decadence of Italian sculpture, and were executed in Italy from portraits sent out by Sir Thomas's widow. Of their kind there are few more remarkable monuments in England. Some other interesting features are in the church, and a very ancient font. The visitor to this neighbourhood will find a modern church of excellent character, by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, at Hampton Lucy, not far away, the old church at that ancient place having been destroyed; and, at Sherborne,

battle of 1642. Essex planted his forces in front of the little town of Kington, while the Royal troops held the position of advantage upon the hill, and the furious fight was waged between. There is a magnificent outlook from the hills. From Edge Hill House, indeed, where the Earl of Lindsey, who commanded the royal forces was carried mortally wounded, and where there are abundant relics of the fight, you may look on a clear day even to the Wrekin in distant Shropshire. It is a region of witchcraft, too. Even so late as 1875 it is known that some people of Brailes "drew blood" on a poor creature of Tysoe, even as Talbot, in the first part of "Henry VI." says to the Maid, "blood



Compton Wynyates, from the West.

between that place and Warwick, is one of the finest rural churches in the county.

COMPTON WYNYATES.

Before we turn our faces towards famous Warwick, we shall go out south-eastward from Stratford a little, in order to glance at a few places which lie along the hilly borderland of the Feldon or "Vale of the Red Horse." Our chief object is to survey that most picturesque of houses, Compton Wynyates, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton, which lies at a distance of about twelve miles from Stratford, in a region full of historic interest. The famous field of Edge Hill is its neighbour, but there is neither space nor necessity to deal here with the great

will I draw on thee: thou art a witch." A few miles further south again, near where the road from Stratford to London, along which Shakespeare often journeyed, passes through Long Compton, are the famous Rollright or Rollrich Stones, about which most curious legends linger. These mark, perhaps, the burial place of prehistoric chiefs, but they say that the "King's Stone" is but the petrified form of a monarch who would have ruled over England if he could but have set eyes upon Long Compton, which is visible but a few yards from where he stands. About him is the circle of his petrified soldiers, and, at a little distance, stand the "Whispering Knights," who were his personal attendants, but played the traitor to his forgotten majesty.

But to come now to Compton Wynyates, which lies midway between Edge Hill and Long Compton, below the crest of this long range of hills. Warwickshire, though rich in castles and houses of a former time, has nothing to surpass the quadrangular mansion we have before us, with its charmingly picturesque grouping of towers, turrets, gables, and chimneys. The house belongs to that period of history in which it was safer for the country gentleman to place a moat between himself and the stranger, and a good drawbridge which would forbid access to his abode. The moat has gone, but the spyhole is there through which the warder looked out, with the turret above, to which, upon the need

the Battle of the Spurs, where he was knighted for his bravery, entertained King Henry the Eighth, with whom he had been at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Sir William was the builder of Compton Wynyates, and the crest which Henry gave him remains in the Hall. The room has a fine open timber roof and the gable-end is filled with timber work in a manner quite uncommon. Below are the minstrels' gallery, and the richly carved screen, which has the linen pattern in its panels, and representations of knights tilting with other subjects. The great slab of elm resting upon trestles, and the quaint furniture, are original, and of the time. The screen, as is usual in all houses of the period—as at Haddon



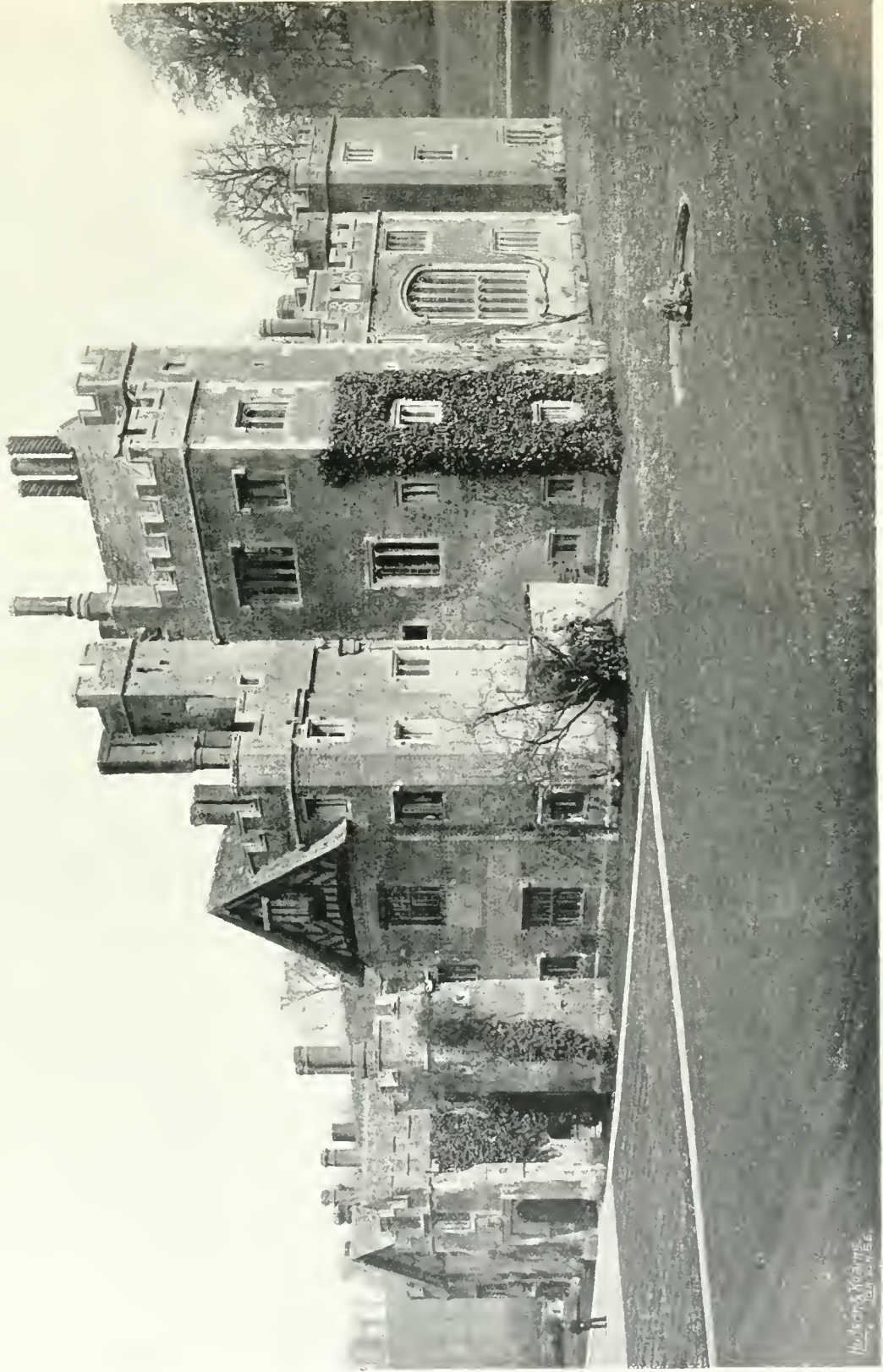
Compton Wynyates, from the South-East.

of a wider survey, he could ascend from his lodge by the twisting stairs. Some who came were, doubtless, turbulent folk, for, by one means or another, they have left the evidence of their defeated purpose with pike or hagbut upon the oaken door.

There is the appearance of strength about that broad porch, which has stone seats within, and doors which gave access to the moat when the bridge was up. It is flanked by two most picturesque gables. Pass, then, through the archway, and you are in the quadrangle. Opposite stands the great hall, with its beautiful and elaborate bay, and the kitchen and domestic offices. The parlour, or private dining room, and the chapel are on the right hand as we enter the court. Here, in his hall, Sir William Compton, who greatly distinguished himself at

Hall, for example—separates the hall from the lobby and the kitchens, which, at Compton Wynyates, have deeply recessed fireplaces.

The parlour, or private dining room, which adjoins, and looks out through two mullioned windows over the gardens on the south, is wainscoted with oak, and has a ceiling, bearing the arms of Compton and Spencer, which was placed there by William Compton, first Earl of Northampton. The Earl had married, in Elizabeth's days, when he was yet Lord Compton, the daughter of rich Alderman Spencer of London, who was Lord Mayor in 1594. The worthy alderman, as the story goes, did not approve the attention paid by the Court gallant to his daughter; but, as love laughs loud at locks, so did Lord Compton laugh at the alderman. By stratagem he procured admission to



COMPTON WYNYATES,
FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

the civic house in the guise of a baker carrying loaves, and, when he returned, he met the alderman, who commended his energy, and gave him sixpence, saying that he was on the way to fortune. Great, therefore, was the civic anger when it was afterwards discovered that the alderman's daughter was concealed in the very basket her father had presumed to be empty; and it required the artifice of Elizabeth to induce him, who was very willing to dispossess his daughter, to stand as godfather to an infant, who proved to be his grandchild.

The chapel is entered from the dining room. It has a very beautiful window of many lights, which is seen in the picture of the south front, and is divided by an oak screen. Some of the carvings in the chapel are very curious, especially those of the Seven Deadly Sins, which are depicted as mounted knights, each with an imp behind urging him forward. In the great tower adjoining is a splendid oak-panelled council chamber, with enriched doorways, as well as three staircases, leading up at the angles to what is known as the priest's room, where is the very unusual feature of a wooden altar slab. A long chamber, described as the barracks, extends along the roof, and yet bears evidences of the soldiers who occupied in the Civil Wars. The house was captured for the Parliament after



The Quadrangle, Compton Wynnyates.

a three days' siege in June, 1644, when the Earl of Northampton's brother, and about a dozen officers, and 120 men were captured, with eighty horses and great quantities of ammunition. Sir Charles and Sir William Compton endeavoured to retake the place in the following January, and gained a footing in the stables by night, but were repulsed with loss. The third Earl of Northampton retained his estates by paying a heavy composition.

These notes will serve to show what an interesting house is this. Its staircase and drawing rooms, and the rooms ascribed to Henry VIII., and Charles I., as those in which they slept, are all beautiful and interesting, with the other apartments of the house. There are many secret chambers within its walls, bespeaking the troubles and dangers of former times.

Henry the Eighth's bedchamber bears still his badges and the arms of Katharine of Aragon, for it was in the early years of his reign that Compton Wynnyates was built. As some illustration of the extent of this remarkable structure, it may be interesting to note that it contains altogether about eighty rooms and fifteen distinct staircases. Monuments of its old possessors remain in the neighbouring church. We ascend the hill to the "pike" above, which indicates the path to the wayfarer, and, as we see the blue smoke rising from the fretted chimneys of Compton Wynnyates, we feel indeed, that we have left an excellent type of the dwelling places of country gentlemen and noblemen of Shakespeare's early times.



The Hall, Compton Wynnyates.

WARWICK.

The city of Warwick is the capital, not only of the county, but of the Shakespeare country. Few county towns, and probably none of equal importance, maintain so quaint and old-world an aspect as this. The city reflects the character of its surroundings. You cannot enter it without seeing that it is at once filled with history and invested with a wonderful picturesque charm. Tramcars from Leamington run, indeed, along the Jury Street, where, perhaps, the money-lenders were sheltered by the Baron, and the High Street where his retainers marched. But these streets are lined with houses of ancient features, and some indicative of Georgian gentility, and, turn where you will, down the side lanes you meet the relics of a former time. The road from Stratford to Warwick brings you between Snitterfield and Hampton Lucy, through a beautiful country of wood and meadow, such as is characteristic of Warwickshire, to the west gate of the city. The distance is about seven miles. There is a long and gentle approach to the gateway, and pedestrians enter beneath the arch upon which rises the Chapel of the Earl of Leicester's Hospital. What a picturesque grouping we have here of timber gables and archways, of towers, chimneys, and battlements, awaking not only the memories of former times, but almost the visible presence of them, for all is here scarcely changed since Robert Dudley raised anew the old charitable foundation.



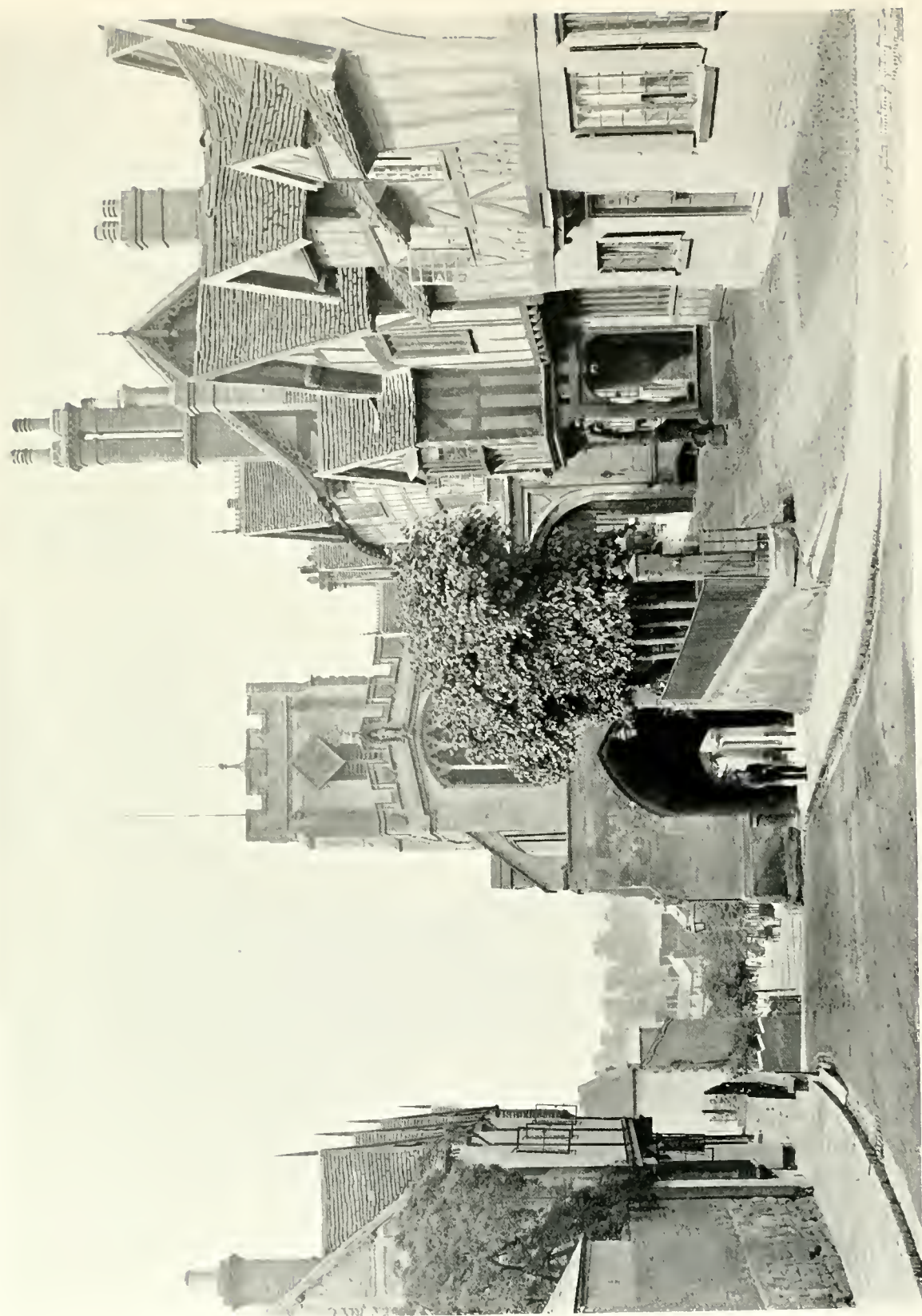
Interior of the Barbican.



The Barbican, Warwick Castle.

It is a fitting entrance to the ancient town, through which the High Street and Jury Street lead you to the East Gate, which, like the other, has a Chapel over it, of striking aspect, though not an old one, nor one wholly satisfactory. These two gates mark the extent of the city, which was encompassed by walls upon a roughly circular plan. From gate to gate a semi-circle of works stretched to the north, having the great Church of St. Mary in its midst, while, on the other side, the wall went down by the Castle lodge and quaint Mill Lane to a spot where the ivy-grown piers of a Norman bridge still stand in the placid waters of the Avon, and where the lofty height of Cæsar's tower, and the long curtain wall of the Castle, "the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which remains uninjured by time," overlook the stream.

We shall not follow here the rise of Warwick from the dim region of its fabulous history, nor dwell upon its Saxon fame as the seat of a bishopric, established as early as the year 544, at the Church of All Saints, then within the Castle walls, but now united with that of St. Mary in the city; tradition avers that Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, raised a castle here, and the mound still stands which her works are said to have crowned. The Castle was undoubtedly strengthened at a time shortly after the Norman Conquest. It was the scene of stirring episodes in the struggles among the Conqueror's immediate successors, and in the long wars which were waged between



THE WEST GATE,
WARWICK.



WARWICK CASTLE,
FROM THE BRIDGE.

the King and the Barons. Sir John Giffard, Governor of Kenilworth, carried off the Earl of Warwick, who had taken part against the Barons, from his own Castle in 1264. At that time the Castle of Warwick suffered severely, but Henry III. made it his headquarters when he was conducting operations against the Barons at Kenilworth two years later. The importance of the position, however, caused it to be speedily restored, and it was a place of strength when Piers Gaveston was brought thither a prisoner by Guy Beauchamp, the "Black dog of Arden," in 1312. By a curious change of fortune the walls which had held the taunting Gascon as a prisoner received Hugh le Despenser as their master and Edward II. as their guest. The great Richard Beauchamp, who built the Beauchamp Chapel in St. Mary's Church, welcomed Henry V. at the Castle in 1417, and the King-maker here imprisoned Edward IV. The Castle afterwards came to the Crown, and it was not until the time of Edward VI. that it was granted to the Dudleys. Elizabeth was entertained more than once at Warwick by Ambrose Dudley, who, though implicated in Northumberland's plot, is spoken of as the "Good Earl," and whose monument is also in the Beauchamp Chapel. In 1605 the Crown once again granted it, to Sir Fulke Greville, who

spent great sums in restoring it, and several times entertained James I. The Royalists besieged the place in 1642, and here the Earl of Lindsey died after the neighbouring battle of Edge Hill, being brought, mortally wounded, from Edge Hill House. Beneath Cæsar's Tower, in the dungeon, there may still be seen among rudely-cut inscriptions, one of a Royalist soldier, master-gunner to the King, who was there confined. In the family of Greville the Castle has remained ever since.

Originally, the road led straight down from the Church to the Castle, but the present entrance is by the gatehouse, constructed in 1800, on the site of an older building opposite to St. Nicholas' Church, which, though an ancient ecclesiastic foundation, is mainly a modern structure. The approach to the Castle from the lodge is through a very picturesque cutting in the rock, overgrown with ivy and trailing plants, which brings the visitor round by a great curve to the barbican and gatehouse.

Issuing from the rock-cut way into the outer ward of the Castle, the whole northern face of the buildings bursts upon the visitor, the great ivy-grown barbican and gatehouse in the midst, and Cæsar's and Guy's Towers on either hand. The barbican gateway is a colossal structure, projecting some sixty feet from the embattled



Guy's Tower and the Barbican Gatehouse, Warwick Castle.



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WARWICK CASTLE,
FROM THE AVON.



THE REMAINS OF THE
ANCIENT BRIDGE, WARWICK.



The Ramparts and site of the Bear Tower.

wall, and admitting a narrow passage, nearly one hundred feet in length, with a portcullis at either end, through to the inner ward of the Castle. A stone arch replaces the old draw-bridge which closed the gate against the unwelcome, whom the embrasured walls and towers threatened with destruction. Two octagonal loop-holed towers flank the defence both within and without, and lofty round towers stand between, united by a flying arch. The inner ward is irregularly quadrangular in shape, with a green space of grass in the middle, and the effect of the many-windowed Castle, the ivy-grown towers, and deep embrasured walls, whereon many peacocks strut, shadowed by

the gaunt branches of gnarled old pines, is most striking and impressive.

Let us survey the buildings that surround this inner ward. On the left, as we issue from the gatehouse, rises the great height of Caesar's Tower, which dates from about 1360, and was erected by Thomas, the first Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable example of mediæval military architecture in England, but presents its most formidable aspect when seen from the foot of its great sloping base without, by the river, where it lifts its bold loopholed form to a great machicolated gallery, above whose embrasures rises a still higher embattled turret. All the loopholes and embrasures are cut at the exact angle to admit of advantageous firing, and missiles dropped from above would rebound from the sloping base into the midst of troops assembled below. The residential parts of the Castle extend from this tower parallel to the Avon, above which they rear their grey old walls and rugged buttresses, shadowed by the spreading gloom of huge cedars which cling to the bank between, while, to the inner ward, they present many mullioned and transomed windows, with cusped heads, the walls surmounted by an embattled cresting, and overlooked by picturesque turrets. Much of the stonework here on the inner side is new, for a disastrous fire in 1871 wrought sad havoc in some of the domestic parts of the Castle, including the great hall, which was the scene of



"Guy's Porridge Pot."



The Courtyard.

the torchlight trial of Gaveston by the Barons; but now ivy mantles the walls with its softening green, and the place looks much as of old. Opposite to the gatehouse, by which we entered the inner ward, an ivy-clad enclosing wall extends, by the broad, low Hill Tower, and Ethelreda's shrub-grown mount, to the Northern Tower, where it turns at right angles, and stretches in an irregular curve, with a great stepped wall, to Guy's Tower. The Bear and Clarence Towers, both incomplete, stand in the midst of the curve opposite to the Castle buildings, and date from the time of Richard III., flanking the entrance to the gardens and the way which once led out to the town. Guy's Tower is a broad, multangular structure, also loopholed and machicolated, which was built by the second Thomas de Beauchamp at the end of the 14th century, and takes its name from the redoubtable hero whose legendary fame adds a touch of poetry to the history of Warwick.

Famous memories cling to this old courtyard. Hither came the mail-clad men to their stronghold — bold and downright were they, exercising the right of the strongest, as when they dragged Gaveston

trembling to the door. But, if injustice was sometimes done here, it was a place whence plentuous hospitality flowed to the poor. To this courtyard, in times of civil brawl, men might look for shelter. Then we may conjure up, from a later time, the spectacle this green space presented when Elizabeth rode in with her great cavalcade, and when Ambrose Dudley crooked his knee. We can almost hear the hissing of his "fireballs and squibbes" that flew over into the town, and there set houses in a blaze.



The Mill



THE ARMOURY,
WARWICK CASTLE.



The Great Hall, Warwick Castle.

The great hall of the Castle is more than sixty feet long by thirty-five feet in width, its panelling and ceiling of oak, and its floor of red and white marble. Here are some of the redoubtable hero's fabulous relics, including his "porridge pot," which is capable of holding about one hundred and twenty gallons, with a great deal of curious and interesting armour. The "porridge pot" is really a huge vessel for cooking the flesh rations of soldiers. Guy's armour and sword date from the period of Edward III. to that of Henry VIII. The rib

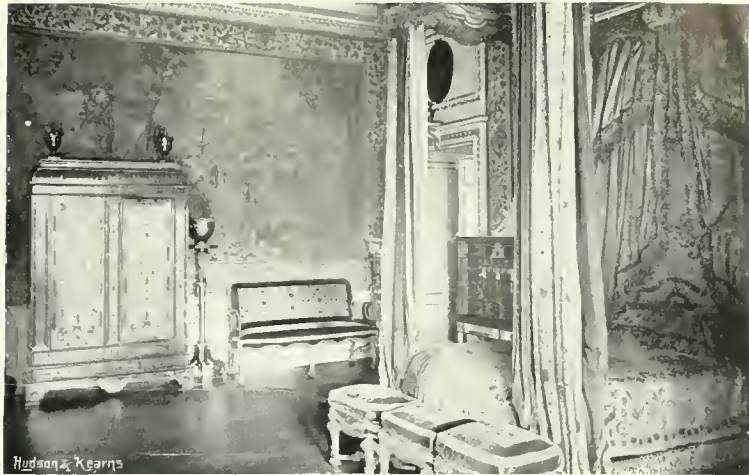
of the famous dun cow he slew proves to be that of a whale. "Fair Phyllis's slippers", are a pair of slipper-stirrups of the time of Henry VI. The Red Drawing Room, which opens from the Great Hall, takes its name from the deep colour of its wainscot, and has a ceiling of white and gold, and the Cedar and the Gilt or Green Drawing Rooms to which it leads are very noble apartments, all commanding lovely views across the divided course of the Avon, pouring over the weir by the mill, and the wooded glories of the park. The Cedar Drawing Room has its panels richly carved, and its walls hung with famous Van Dycks. In the State Bedroom, entered from the Gilt Drawing Room, is a bed draped with salmon-coloured damask and with richly embroidered counterpanes, which at one time belonged to Queen Anne. It was presented to a former Earl of Warwick by George III. The tapestry here is very fine. The Boudoir is the last of the main series of State apartments, and commands an unrivalled view from its windows. Shadowed by a cedar, the Avon flows below, in whose waters, strange to say, a William Shakespeare was drowned in June, 1579.



The Cedar Drawing Room.

Other apartments are the Chapel, which is a beautiful modern work; the great Dining Room; the Compass Room; the Library; and the Billiard Room. The Armoury, which is cut in the thickness of the wall, is arrayed with cross-bows, muskets, breast-plates, morions, yataghans, swords, and a whole world of ancient or strange implements of war.

The Castle is famous for its great collection of pictures, ranged in the State and private apartments. It is rich in works of Rubens and Van Dyck. There is also an "Assumption," by Raphael. Among the Rubens pictures are portraits of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel; Ignatius Loyola, and the Marquis de Spinola. Rembrandt's "Dutch Burgomaster" is a celebrated picture. Of Van Dyck there is a splendid equestrian portrait of Charles I., with other portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria, Prince Rupert, Strafford, and James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. The collection includes very remarkable portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, by Holbein. One famous picture, by Moroni, is a "Warrior," clad in a black velvet doublet. Not less famous is Murillo's "Laughing Boy." Among other artists represented in this great collection are Paul Veronese, Salvator Rosa, Andrea del Sarto, Lorenzo de Credi, Gerhard Dow, Cranach, Van der Velde, and Jan Breughel; and of the English school, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Romney, and many more.



The State Bedroom.

and a volume of MSS. containing a copy of "Julius Cæsar" belonging to Stuart times. The collection also includes the fine folio edition of 1623, and many early copies of single plays. The Shakespeare Room—a modern title—is near Cæsar's Tower. Upon its walls hang the "Shakespeare" attributed to Cornelis Janssens, a "Queen Elizabeth," an "Earl of Leicester," and a "Sir Philip Sydney," Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons with the Mask of Tragedy," and other interesting pictures.

The gardens are large and transcendently beautiful, and it is difficult to imagine anything more lovely than the view down the course of the river when the evening sunlight floods the sylvan landscape. In a greenhouse in the garden stands the famous Warwick or Tivoli Vase, a very notable remain of Greek art—the most splendid, indeed, of its kind—sent over to this country by Sir William Hamilton, from the place where it was discovered in 1770 near Tivoli. This surprising work is nearly six feet high and five feet in diameter at the top. Its handles are intertwined vine stems, of which the tendrils are sculptured round the lip, and tiger skins are represented hanging below, with masks and other devices.

The Castle itself looks nowhere more splendid than from places where we see its grey walls reared above the tranquil Avon to a height of about a hundred feet, the huge bulk of Cæsar's Tower dominating the scene, and the quaint building of the old mill, with its water wheel, running out into the stream, while a great vista up the river, by the ivy-grown piers of the Norman Bridge, discloses a lovely stretch of country beneath the great segmental arch which carries Banbury Road. The rooks are cawing in the elm-tops, and the squirrels frisking in the oaks, while the gaunt arms of Scotch firs stretch down towards the amber



The Tivoli Vase.

Among the other treasures of Warwick Castle is a valuable collection of Shakespearean relics and memorials. These include a manuscript copy of the "History of King Henry IV.," written in 1610, as is believed by Sir Edward Dering of Surrenden,



St. Mary's Church, Warwick.

water, which pours musically over the weir by the mill.

The Church of St. Mary is intimately bound up with the memory of the old possessors of the Castle. It is one of the finest, but most unfortunate, churches in England. A disastrous fire destroyed the tower, nave, and transepts in 1694, and these were rebuilt in a style that is a travesty of English architecture, and in which classic details and Gothic features are most strangely jumbled. At the same time, the tower, it must be admitted, is a well-proportioned composition, and, where its details cannot be discerned, is certainly impressive. The Choir, the Beauchamp Chapel and the Chapter House, save that the roof of the former has been sadly spoiled externally, are very fine, and few better examples of Perpendicular work can be found in England. Internally, the chancel is very beautiful. The east window, though not large, is a rich example of the time, and the same may be said of the side windows, the panelled walls, the rare and curious groining, with the flying ribs which support it, the now vacant niches, and the remarkable tomb of the founder. This was the second Thomas de Beauchamp, who built Guy's Tower in the Castle, though it is probable that his greater son completed his

work here. The high tomb of the founder, and his wife, who was Catherine, daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, stands in the midst of the choir. The Earl is represented in plate and chain armour, with an angel at his head, and his feet resting upon a bear, and he grasps the hand of his Countess, who is clad in a close-fitting robe with a reticulated coif upon her head, and a lamb at her feet. Round the tomb are sculptured, as "weepers," thirty-six members of the House of Beauchamp and its kindred, each with a shield below. There is no space here to describe other various monuments in this interesting Church, but, in the Chapter House, there will be found the tomb of Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke—"servant to Qvene Elizabeth, councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney"—who was foully done to death in London in 1628.

The gem of the Church is the Lady, or Beauchamp Chapel, which stands on the south side of the choir, and at a lower level, for there is no crypt beneath it, with a most lovely little Chantry Chapel between. The Chapel was built by Richard Beauchamp, the great Earl of Warwick, whose high tomb stands in the midst, and the adjoining exquisite Chantry Chapel was intended for the saying of Low Mass. The roof of the latter is a most remarkable



THE CHOIR,
ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WARWICK.



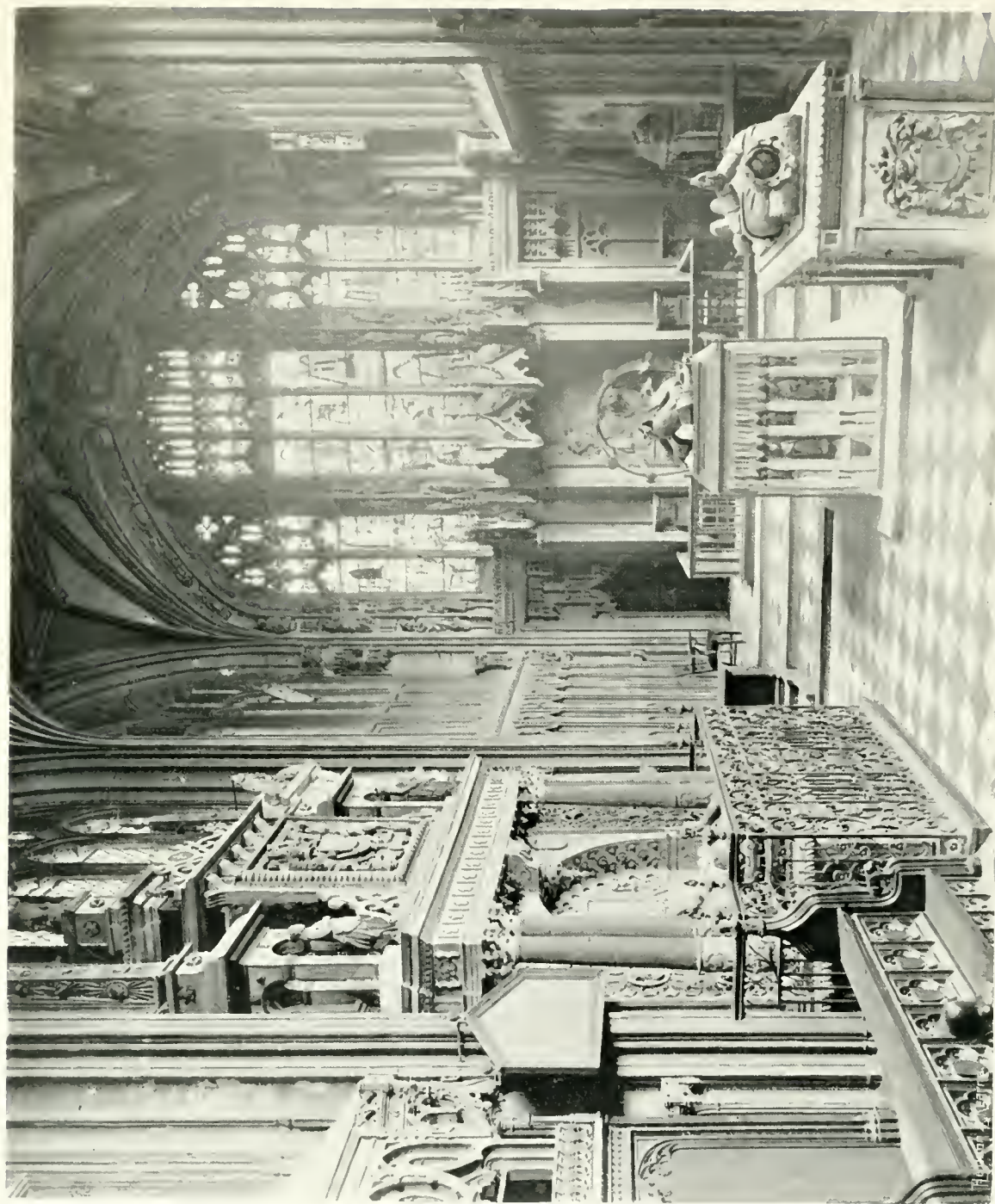
THE CHANTRY CHAPEL,
ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WARWICK.



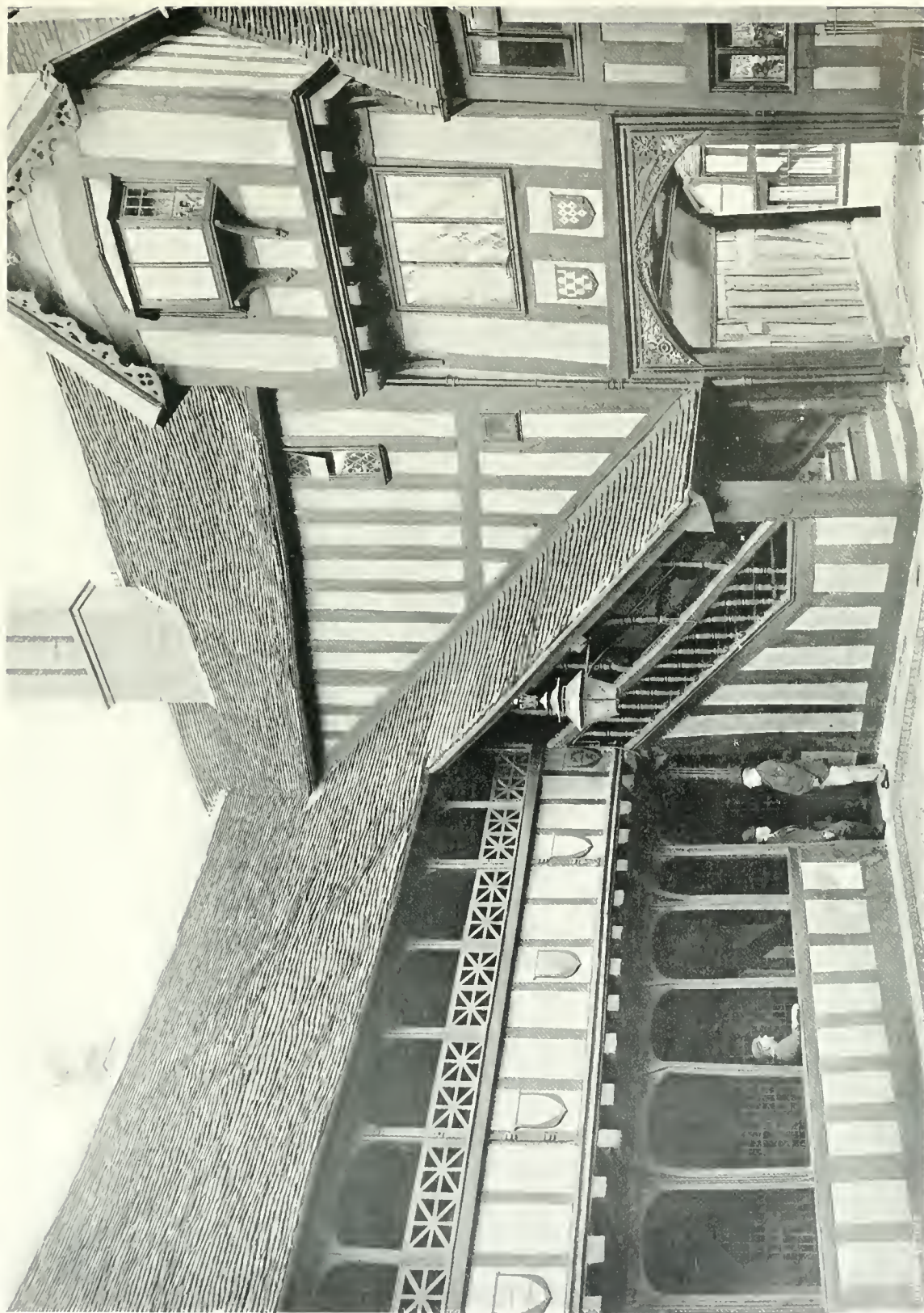
The Beauchamp Chapel, West end.

example of fan tracery, with exquisite details, and the canopied niches on each side of its east window are very elaborately wrought. Here several interesting monumental casques are stored. The Chantry is separated from the Beauchamp Chapel itself by traceried screen work, and the Chapel is reached by a descent of several steps. Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, its founder, who died in the Castle of Rouen in 1439, being at that time, as the inscription on his tomb says, "Lieutenant-General and Governor of the Realm of France and of the Duchy of Normandy," is the same who appears in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* and other plays. His body was brought to Warwick, and lay in a stone chest before the west door of the Chapel until the vault beneath his glorious altar tomb should be completed. The detail of the Chapel is not anywhere surpassed. The walls are most richly panelled; the ribs, groinings, and the bosses are admirably wrought; and the whole framework of the splendid east window is adorned with statuettes in niches in a most elaborate style. The spoiler, however, undoubtedly laid unholy hands upon many statuettes of precious metals here. Some of the old glass remains.

The tomb of Richard Beauchamp is a very remarkable work. It is of Purbeck marble, and his effigy of gilt brass, with uplifted hands, lies upon the top, beneath a brazen framework or hearse, over which formerly hung a pall. The Earl is represented, with a face that is an unmistakable portrait, in full plate armour, wearing the garter below his left knee, with bare head resting upon a tilting helm, and a muzzled bear and a griffin sitting at his feet. The ends of the bars which form the hearse are richly enamelled with shields. Round the tomb in niches are fourteen large and eighteen smaller figures of gilded brass, the former representing the kindred of the deceased—among them the "King-maker,"—praying for the repose of his soul. The others are angels, in whose hands are scrolls, inscribed "Sit Deo laus et gloria; defunctis misericordia." Against the north wall of the Chapel is the monument of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester—Elizabeth's Dudley—and his third wife. This is of composite classic character, with a semi-circular arch over the figures, and four pillars supporting a carved entablature, above which rises a curiously enriched triple cresting, with figures, and a large shield of arms; but the



THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL,
WARWICK, EAST END.



THE STAIRCASE AND COVERED WAYS,
LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.



The Quadrangle, Leicester's Hospital.

monument, though finely wrought, is far from being so impressive as the noble tomb it adjoins. In some ways more remarkable is the high tomb of Earl Ambrose Dudley, who is represented in armour, wearing his coronet, with a chained and muzzled bear at his feet. The tomb itself is classic in character, but its features are good. Much attention is always attracted by the monument of Robert Dudley's infant son against the south wall of the Chapel. It is a high tomb with the effigy of a child, evidently deformed, but richly habited, about three feet six inches in length. He is described in his inscription as the "Noble limpe," and much of his ancestry is there recorded. It deserves to be noted that the reredos of the Chapel is a basso-relievo of the Annunciation, taken from a classic source, and executed by a local sculptor. Though wholly out of keeping with the Chapel it is a very beautiful work. Other monuments and other beauties, the visitor to St. Mary's Church and the Beauchamp Chapel will easily discover.

If Warwick possessed its Castle and its Church only, we should go away content, but there stands also the Leicester Hospital, already alluded to, by its west gate, a remain comparable in interest to the places

that have been described. No more curious, quaint, picturesque example of timber architecture remains in this country. When you pass by its many gables and gablets, its steep tiled roofs, and overhanging upper stories, between the projecting porch and the row of lime trees, and enter at the gateway, you seem to leave the 19th century behind. No wonder, you will say, that its Brethren, veterans of the military service, from long inhabiting so old-world a dwelling, have acquired the dignity of archdeacons or deans. The Chapel is upon the left as you approach, surmounting the 12th century arch, originally a gateway to the town, while the domestic parts of the structure lie on the right.

Originally, this was the hall of the Guilds of the Holy Trinity and St. George, and dates from the 15th century. Like most charitable institutions, the united Guilds suffered under the rapacious hand of Henry VIII., and it was Robert Dudley who restored and re-founded the charity for the accommodation of twelve men, to be selected as old soldiers maimed in the wars, who should have followed the Earl or his heirs in the field, or otherwise for the merit of their services to the Sovereign and country, or on grounds of honest poverty.



Hudson & Kearns,
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THE GATEWAY,
LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL.

The Guild has now a Master and twelve Brethren, who are appointed by Lord de Lisle and Dudley, of Penshurst, as heir-general of the founder. Each Brother has £80 a year, with a bed-room, sitting-room, and pantry, and the use of the common rooms of the Hospital. They wear long livery cloaks of blue cloth, whereof the silver badges have the Bear and the Ragged Staff, and, with a single exception, are those used in the time of Elizabeth.

The courtyard of the Hospital is entered beneath an archway, with curious spandrels, and the inscriptions, "Peace be unto all who enter this house," and "Praise ye the Lord" upon the gateposts. Above, upon the pargeting, the initials "R.L.," carved devices of the Bear and the Ragged Staff, the motto "Droit et Loyal," an Earl's coronet, the date 1571, and many shields of arms attract the eye by their quaintness. The courtyard has a most picturesque effect within. Opposite, as you enter, three gables of fine character with sculptured barge boards, resting upon corbels carved with grotesque bears, rise above the elaborately timbered façade of the Master's Lodge. An oriel window, devices of the Bear and Ragged Staff and the Porcupine, and shields of arms, with the inscriptions, "Honour all men; Love the Brotherhood; Fear God; Honour the King," are here. On the right is a cloister, with overhanging upper story, and a latticed walk, approached by an external staircase near the gateway, which leads also to where the Guild Chamber was. The Banqueting



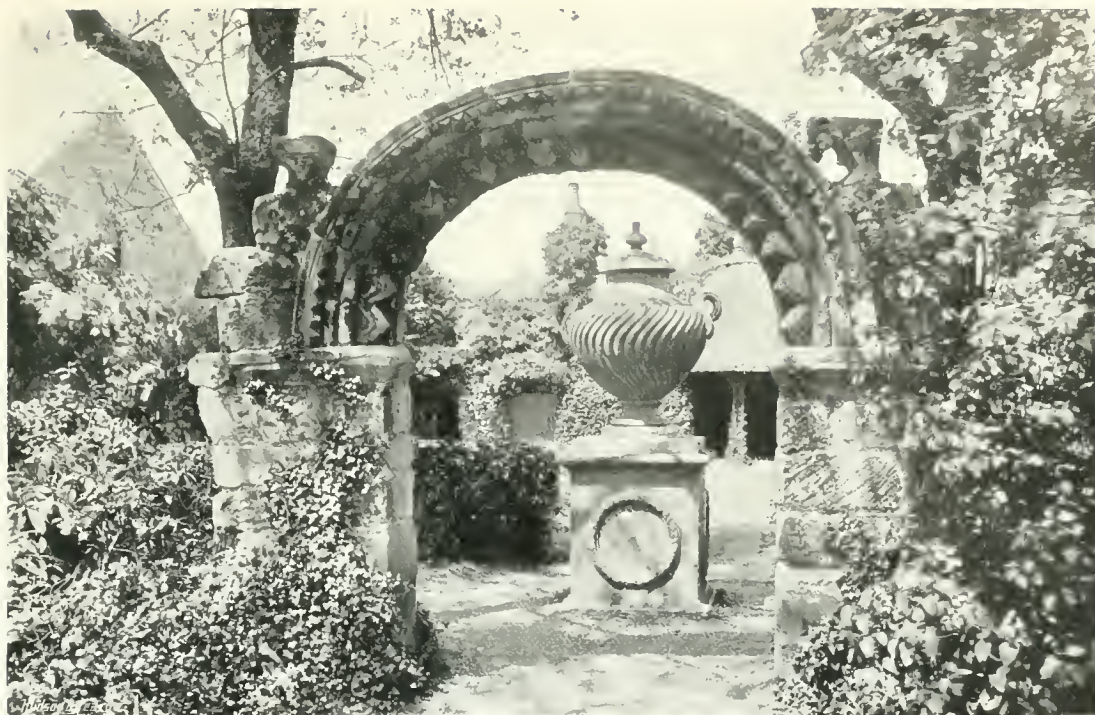
The Entrance Gate, Leicester's Hospital.

Hall, where James I. was entertained, now devoted to another purpose, is on the opposite side of the court. The old kitchen, on the north, contains much ancient furniture, and utensils that shine like the sun. Taken in all its features, this ancient quadrangle is unique in character and richness.

Behind the Hospital is an old English garden, shared by the Master and the Brethren, where a Norman arch has been set up, which was discovered during the restoration of the Chapel. There is a terrace externally, which commands a splendid view towards Stratford and the Cotswold Hills, and brings the visitor to the Chapel over the archway. This is dedicated to St. James, and its tower seems to have been built by Thomas Beauchamp about the end of the 14th century. The Chapel has been well restored, and now bears much of its original character, and the modern flying buttresses, added as a support on the side of the road, are an excellent feature. A parting glance over the Shakespeare country from the terrace is a pleasing conclusion to a visit to Leicester's Hospital. For the fields and woods that Shakespeare knew are before us and little is changed in the land.



Mill Lane, Warwick.



THE NILOMETER AND NORMAN ARCH,
LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL.



THE CRYPT AND DUCKING STOOL, (69)
ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



The Chapel Tower, Leicester's Hospital.

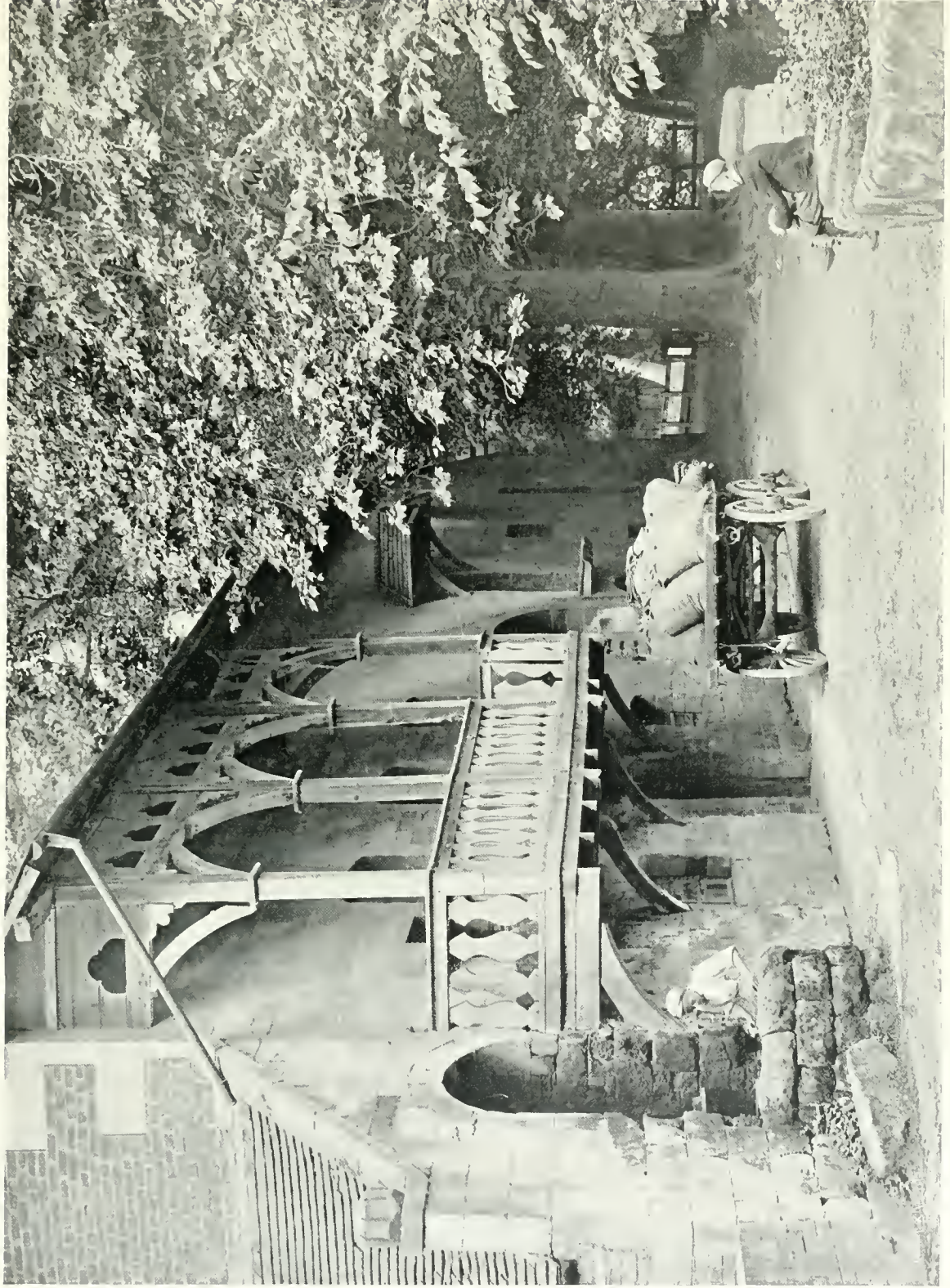
The many interests of ancient Warwick cannot be exhausted here. On the north side of the town, outside the ancient walls, is the Priory, formerly a monastery for Canons Regular, dissolved at the Restoration, and now represented by a noble Elizabethan house of many windows and gables, with fine oak-panelled rooms within. What was once St. John's Hospital stands on the right of the road from Warwick to Leamington,

after passing through the east gate towards the end of the Coventry road. It was founded as long ago as the time of Henry II. by William de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, for the reception of pilgrims and travellers, and the relief of the poor and infirm. Its funds were diverted to other purposes, and on the site of the charity stands a very fine 17th century house, with large transomed bay windows, quite a notable example of its period, and, like the Priory, having oak-wainscoted chambers within, and a fine oaken staircase.

Of Leamington it is not the purpose to write here. An account of the Shakespeare country may pass over a modern town and health resort which Shakespeare never knew. Yet Leamington is a place abounding in attractions, and occupying a central position for the exploration of the country. It is not without historic interest, for the well remains which Camden described in his "Britannia" in 1586, and the Pump Room, the Jephson Gardens, and the many other resorts of the town make it popular with a multitude of visitors.



St. John's Hospital.



THE MILL,
GUY'S CLIFF.



THE AVON :
EVENING.

This descriptive wandering through the Shakespeare land will take us a few miles north from Warwick by the winding course of the Avon. The whole country hereabout is rich in natural beauties and rural attractiveness, and every village has rustic quaintness rarely attractive to the stranger. The Forest of Arden, which forms the woodland scene of "As You Like it," extended far on the west, and in Shakespeare's days was dense and solitary. Henley-in-Arden is a delightful old-world-place, with a Perpendicular church, a market cross, and many timbered buildings. Here Touchstone may well have wandered.

"Ay, now I am in Arden, the more fool I;" he says, "When I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content."

Beaulesert, which they pronounce Belser, is close by, and has exquisite Norman details in its church. At Rowington Hall, not far away, tradition asserts that Shakespeare wrote his "As You Like It." Three successive Richard Shakespeares lived at



The Priory.

Rowington, each of whom had a son named William, and a William of this place, not the poet, was a trained man with Sir Fulke Greville, at Alcester, in November, 1605. The house is a picturesque farmstead of the true Warwickshire character, with many quaintly timbered gables, and a passage from the porch leading right through. It is not difficult to believe that, if Shakespeare visited his kinsmen here on the very borders of the forest, he may well have conceived, if he did not write, his forest play at Rowington.

A village a little further north is Temple Balsall, whose name bespeaks its former ownership by the Templars. It subsequently came to the Knights Hospitallers, and, after going through many hands, was established as a hospital for poor persons. This is now a quaint building covering three sides of a quadrangle, with the Master's house completing the whole. The village is distinguished by the possession of a very lovely church. From this country the Alne flows towards Alcester, and, on the other side of it lie Aston Cantlow and other "Shakespeare Villages," to which allusion has been made. Of Baddesley Clinton, between Rowington and Temple Balsall, we shall presently find occasion to speak.



The East Gate.



The Avenue, Guy's Cliff.

But it would be impossible to describe in this sketch the more remote interests of the Shakespeare region, its old villages, beautiful scenery and historical places. Turn we therefore once more to Warwick, and to the road thence towards Kenilworth and Coventry, which keeps generally the direction of the far winding Avon. It is often overhung deeply by trees, but is ever opening out to the wayfarer lovely views and rustic prospects. A little more than a mile from Warwick, Blacklow Hill rises in front—the place where Gaveston was executed. The story is told that the restless spirit of the scoffing Gascon rides, at drear midnight, along the road from Warwick Castle—the home of Guy Beauchamp, the “Black Dog of Arden,” who was largely instrumental in his death—to Blacklow Hill, from whose top the peasants say dismal bells are heard, as they hasten over Ganerslie Heath.

Before Blacklow Hill is reached, Guy's Cliff, the noble mansion of Lord Algernon Percy, is seen standing in a superb situation by the stream—“a house of pleasure,” said Leland, of its predecessor; “a place meet for the Muses.” Here the redoubtable Guy, “his battles o'er,” is fabled to have spent the last years of his life, hidden even from “Fair Phyllis,” his wife, who rejoined him only on his death bed. He had slain the famous dun cow—kindred monster of the “worm” of Lambton, and of other “worms” of English legend, nay, even of the beast slain by Perseus, if not of Python

himself—and it was his custom, in the guise of a strange palmer, to beg food at his lady's bounteous hand. They still show an ancient excavation in the rock, one of many in this place, as his retreat, and his well is not far away. The story of Guy's retirement from the world is doubtless based upon legends of hermits who appear to have chosen this lonely spot as the place of their meditations.

The first view of the house from the road is most striking, for it stands at the end of a long avenue of rugged old firs, which cast their shadows far across the sward. But it is difficult to imagine anything more romantic than the beauty of the view from the mill. You turn down a lane from the high road to where that old structure, with its picturesque gallery, stands upon the site of a mill that existed in Saxon times—a footpath further will bring you by a delightful way to Leamington—and you look over a broad stretch of the Avon, in whose waters overhanging trees dip their branches, and across an expanse of the greenest sward, to where the house rises in stately beauty, against a dark background of magnificent trees. In the still evenings of summer, when the sunlight falls athwart the scene, nothing more beautiful can be conceived. The house itself has no remarkable architectural features. The charm lies in the situation, and in the massive grouping of the structure. You do not look at Guy's Cliff as the work of an architect. That rippling, lake-like expanse of the Avon seems to



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THE PICTURESQUE NEIGHBOURS
OF GUY'S CLIFF.



THE RIVER WALK,
GUY'S CLIFF.



The Ford, Kenilworth.

reflect a creation of romance, rising like a castle of Otranto upon its rocky base, out of which it appears to grow. We can picture Evelyn, who visited "Sir Guy's grot" from Warwick, finding it but a squalid den made in the rock, turning to that rock, "crowned yet with venerable oaks, and looking on a goodly stream, so as it were improved as it might be, it were capable of being made a most romantic and pleasant place." Whatever Evelyn would have done appears to have been done, and Guy's Cliff is certainly a most charming abode. Looking from its windows across the river to the mill, the scene is equally attractive. Close by the house is the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, which was built in the time of Henry VI., and has been restored. It contains a much mutilated figure of the famous Guy, and is altogether very interesting and curious. Guy's cave and well are near the stream, and, as you visit them you may hear, as a reminiscence of Guy, the musical notes of bells, hanging from the necks of beautiful dun kine which the noble owner keeps in his park. The house possesses

a fine collection of pictures, including examples of Van Eyck, Wouwerman, Janssens, Van der Velde, Ruysdael, Cuyp, Lely, and many more.

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, had caused the old chapel at Guy's Cliff to be restored as a chantry. At the dissolution the place came to Sir Andrew Flammock, and passed through heiresses and by purchase to Mr. Samuel Greatheed, who represented Coventry in Parliament. In the time of Lady Mary Greatheed, Sarah Kemble, afterwards the famous Mrs. Siddons, was at Guy's Cliff as a companion. From the Greatheeds the place passed through heiresses to Lord Algernon Percy in 1891.



Kenilworth Church.



GUY'S CLIFF,
FROM THE AVON,



The Entrance to the Banqueting Hall, Kenilworth.

KENILWORTH.

It is about three miles from Guy's Cliff to Kenilworth, which is reached by passing picturesque Blakedown Mill, Chesford Bridge, and Thickthorn House, a fine modern Gothic mansion. The thriving village of Kenilworth has somewhat outgrown its old picturesqueness. Yet not altogether. There remains an old house by the wayside, with the bear and the ragged staff, and Leicester's initials over the door. Then a pleasant way, by knoll and hollow, brings us to the world-famed Castle. It is a pretty wooded lane, crossed at one point by a stream, through which the waggoner passes by a ford beneath the trees. Kenilworth lives in

history as a Royal palace, and Scott has enthroned it in the realm of romance. A volume would scarcely do justice to its interests, and scanty space can be allowed to it here. When its grey walls are first discerned through the trees, historic memories crowd upon us, and we think of the half-legendary splendour of its later days.

The Castle came to Henry II. from Geoffrey de Clinton, and long continued in Royal hands. John visited it many times, and is believed to have done much at the works. Henry III., too, was often at Kenilworth, and it was he that

made Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, Governor of the place. He appears to have constructed the dam of the great lake which protected the Castle on the southern and western sides, as well as several of the towers and outworks.

When the Barons had been disastrously defeated at Evesham, the refugees fled to Kenilworth, and there the King conducted a great siege of the Castle, making Warwick his headquarters. The operations lasted many months, but the place was at last reduced by famine. Kenilworth afterwards passed through the hands of Thomas of Lancaster, and it was in its hall that Edward II. renounced the Crown. Some who witnessed the dragging of the trembling monarch into the hall to sign the



Kenilworth Castle, from the South West.



Tudor
20 Years
1895

KENILWORTH CASTLE:

(80)

MORTIMER'S TOWER AND THE ENTRANCE FROM THE TILT YARD.



KENILWORTH CASTLE :
A GENERAL VIEW.



Leicester's Buildings and Caesar's Tower.

deed of his abdication, while the Steward of the Household broke his white wand of office, must have cast back their minds to the revelry which Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, had held in the self-same hall. John of Gaunt afterwards had the place, and greatly enlarged it, and it passed through the hands of the Henries. Henry VIII., in particular, extended the buildings, and Elizabeth granted the Castle to Robert Dudley, who further added to the structure.



The Fireplace in the Gatehouse.

Leicester was visited by the Queen at Kenilworth on several occasions, notably when "the lordly pleasures of Kenilworth" were devised, anticipating even the glories of the "Grand Monarque." It is surmised that Shakespeare may have witnessed the gaiety, and at Kenilworth may have conceived the idea of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Greeted by the blare of trumpets, welcomed by the Lady of the Lake and her nymphs, upon a floating island—a triumph of Leicester's fantastic imagination—receiving the homage of the gods, and witnessing extraordinary revellings, Elizabeth saw gaiety such as England had never seen before. Old writers describe the rejoicings, and Scott has exhausted upon them his descriptive powers; yet Amy Robsart was not there to behold. But evil days awaited Kenilworth. The Castle was dismantled during the Commonwealth, and the great lake which had been one of its chief defences was drained.

The outer ward enclosed a large garden and a space of many acres, and on two sides the great lake almost washed the base of the walls. The main parts of the structure which now stand are those enclosing the inner ward—Caesar's Tower, which is really the Keep, at the north-east angle, and the domestic buildings

extending on three sides. Henry VIII.'s lodgings, which completed the quadrangle, have disappeared. The Keep is a most formidable monument of Norman military architecture, of great size, with walls of enormous thickness, and the characteristic angle towers. Beyond extend Lancaster's Buildings, which date from the 14th century, including the kitchen, with the remains of a huge fireplace, and the buttery. What is known as the Strong Tower comes next, adjacent to the Great Hall, these two completing one side of the quadrangle. Scott, without authority, calls the last-named tower Mervyn's Bower.

The Hall must have been a truly magnificent structure, for it is 90 feet in length by some 45 feet in breadth, and proportionately lofty. It was finely vaulted and lighted by great windows in deep recesses, with beautiful tracery, and a large oriel window remains on the inner side, comprising part of an octagon. Even in its ruins the place bears traces of its splendour. Next to it stood the White Hall, now destroyed, after which comes the curiously shaped Presence Chamber, with an oriel window overlooking the courtyard. Next to the Presence Chamber is the Privy Chamber, with a bay window and fireplace. Then we reach what are known as Leicester's Buildings, standing upon the site of older

works. It was here that Elizabeth resided during her famous visit to the Castle, but the remains are much mutilated. As we have seen, Henry VIII.'s lodgings, which completed the quadrangle, have disappeared.

Strengthening the outer line of fortifications were Mortimer's Tower and the Swan Tower, at the south-eastern and north-western angles, overlooking the lake, and Lunn's Tower, and the Water Tower on the eastern side. It was Robert Dudley who built the great gatehouse, which is a very fine structure of three stories, with projecting octagonal turrets and many windows. The Bear and the Ragged Staff, the motto "Droit et Loyal," and the initials "R.L." with the date 1571, appear, as at Leicester's Hospital in Warwick, but as adornments of a beautiful alabaster Renaissance chimney-piece in an inner room. This, with the oaken overmantel, appears to have come from one of the State Rooms. Outside the wall of the Castle there extended, from Mortimer's Tower to the Floodgate, a long tilt-yard upon the dam of the lake, which Elizabeth passed over when she visited Kenilworth in 1575. The great chase beyond the lake was doubtless, in those days, well stocked with game. With these brief notes upon a great subject we must leave a Castle which has made a great mark upon history.



Castle End, Kenilworth.



KENILWORTH CASTLE
THE BANQUETING HALL.



Baddesley Clinton: The North-East Front.

BADDESLEY CLINTON.

We now turn aside a little to visit a delightfully quaint place, which has not been wasted like forlorn old Kenilworth. It is like the fable of the oak and the reed, for the contrast between Kenilworth Castle and Baddesley Clinton, which lies about five miles to the west of it, is very great. One is a strong military fortress, as we have seen; the other is one of those quaint old mansions in which long-lineaged gentlemen have dwelt, and that are dotted yet throughout the length and breadth of the land, while sturdy fortresses have crumbled beneath the shock. Such houses go back to Shakespeare's time, and were familiar to him. Warwickshire has many of them. They stand generally amid great elms, in which ancestral rooks have their homes, and they lift their picturesque walls and battlements over old-world gardens, ending in gables and twisted chimneys, about which doves flutter in the sunshine. Staunch knights have dwelt in them, fugitives have taken refuge in their chambers, cavaliers have entered at their open doors, and it requires no great exercise of imagination to people their alleys and bowers with the gentlemen with clouded canes, and the ladies in powder and patches, who were there a century and a-half ago. Baddesley Clinton is just such a place, and we fancy that many an archer may have winged his shafts from the top of its entrance tower. This, indeed, is one of the most characteristic moated and half-fortified manor houses in the county.

Once the seat of the Clintons, it was bought in the days of Henry VI. by John Brome, a lawyer, belonging to a worthy family of tanners, who were located by the bridge at

Warwick. His immediate predecessor at the place was one Catesby, who sold it willingly, for he seems to have wearied of disputes which had arisen through the action of the "King-Maker" in thrusting his steward into the estate. John Brome wore the Red Rose, and, so long as Henry VI. was in power, his days were prosperous; but, with the accession of Edward IV., he soon fell into disputes with the "Last of the Barons." So hot did the quarrel grow with Earl Richard's steward—one John Harthill—that the two men came to blows in the porch of Whitefriars Church in London, and Brome was killed in the scuffle. The lawyer had a son Nicholas, who determined to avenge his father's death, and so, lying one day in wait in Longbridge Fields near Barford Bridge, south of Warwick, he fell upon the steward, who was riding to hold the Earl's court at Barford, and, after a fierce struggle, slew him where he stood.

This Nicholas Brome was a man of an angry spirit, for later on he foully murdered a priest, who, to do him justice—if gossiping Dugdale speak truth—had been found in his parlour at Baddesley "choking his wife under the chin." Brome made amends for his act by building the tower and raising the body of Baddesley Church, with some other charitable deeds. Upon his death, the Manor House passed to Sir Edward Ferrers, grandson of William, Lord Ferrers of Groby, who had married Constantia, one of his co-heiresses and in the Ferrers family it has remained ever since. To that family belonged Henry Ferrers, the special friend of Camden, who became a well-known antiquary, and who received from a contemporary the supreme praise that he was "a well-bred gentleman, a good neighbour, and an honest man." The late Mr. Marmion Edward Ferrers was also well known as an antiquary. Upon



BADDESLEY CLINTON :
THE MOAT AND ENTRANCE TOWER.

his death the Manor House passed to his widow, who afterwards married Mr. Edward Heneage Dering.

This ancient house of Baddesley Clinton had a moat for its defence, which still remains, and is a somewhat uncommon feature in these days. Originally the moat was spanned by a drawbridge, which has been replaced by a brick bridge of the days of Queen Anne. The strong entrance tower or porch has some very curious and picturesque features, and is embattled, and a low range of buildings flanks it on either hand. These form one side of the

the rooms have much good furniture. The drawing room, on the north-east side of the house, has also a fine fireplace and rich paneling; and the dining room, and other chambers all form parts of what is a truly fine English manor house of early times. From the corner of the hall, a staircase, lighted by old armorial glass, leads to the long gallery, the state bedroom, which has a fine fireplace rising to its ceiling, the richly decorated domestic chapel, and the sacristy, whence a staircase once led to a passage beneath the moat, and to the "ghost-room," next to the banquetting-hall.

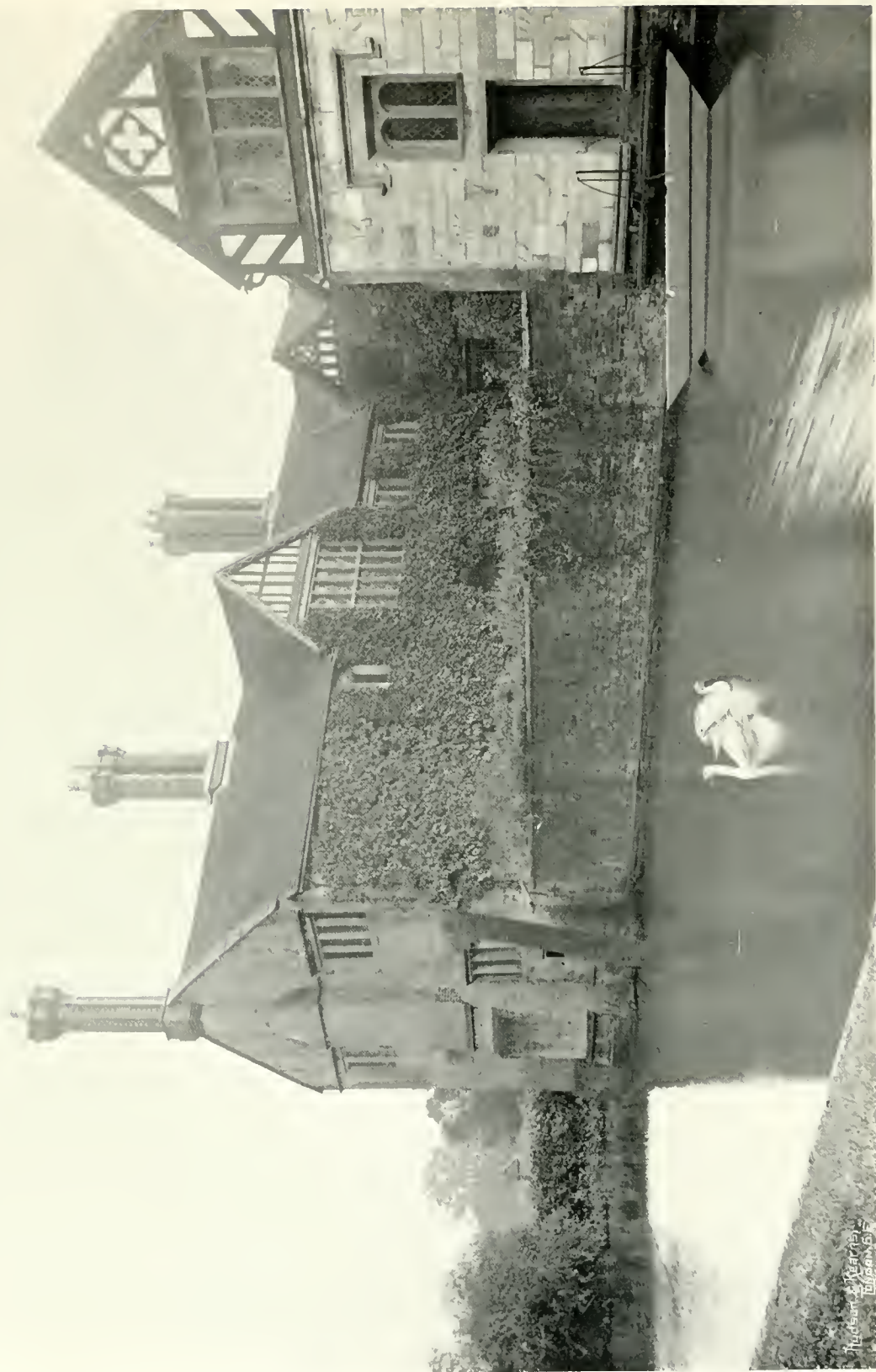


The Moat, Baddesley Clinton.

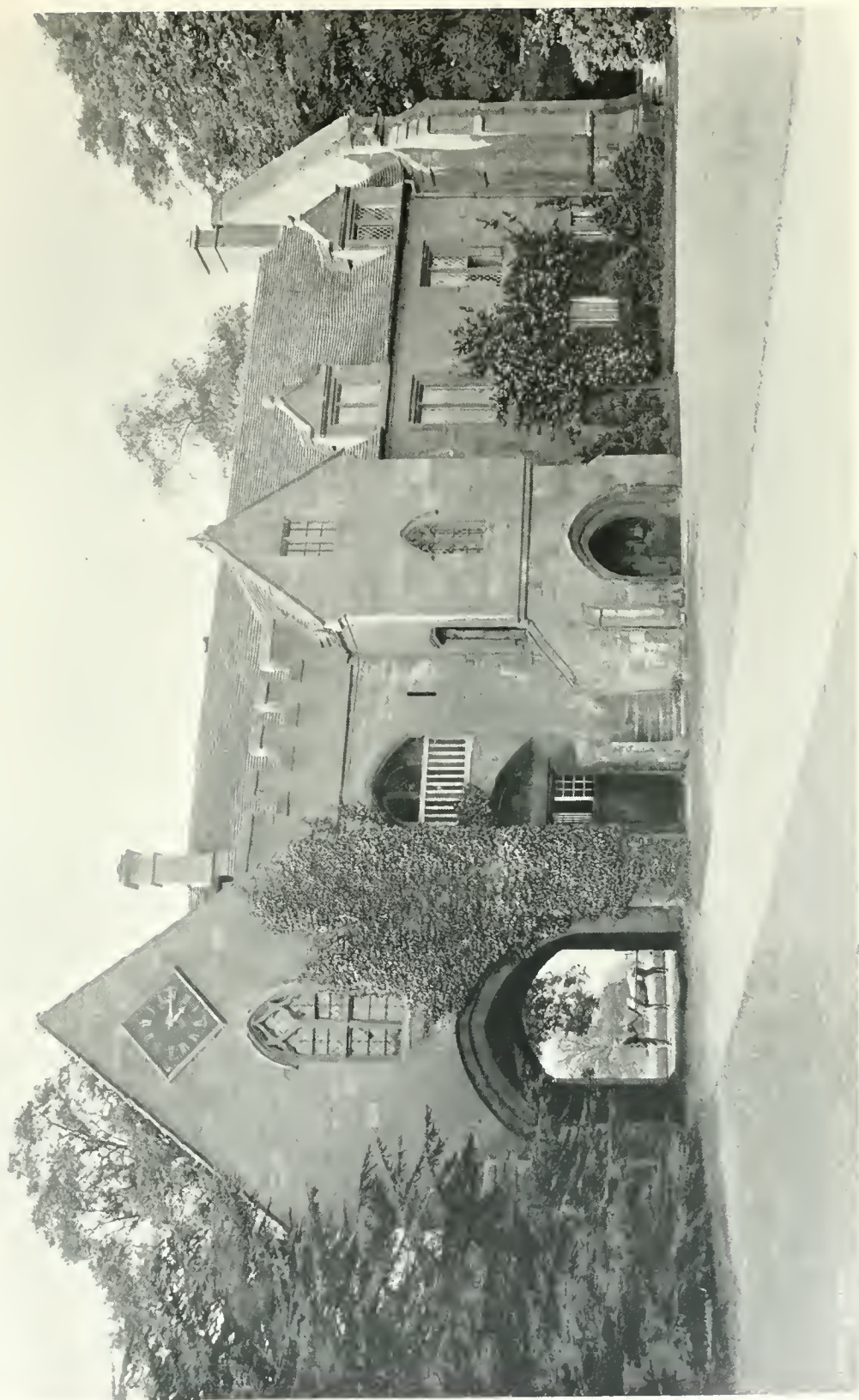
courtyard, which is surrounded by buildings on three of its sides, presenting a low wall to the moat on the other. Pargeted gables and ivy-grown walls give the quadrangle a very quaint and beautiful character, and the chimneys are remarkably good. In the entrance tower is a fine oak-panelled chamber, lighted by a mulioned and transomed window externally, and by another facing into the courtyard, surmounted by a timber gable. The great hall is paneled with oak, and has a remarkable early Renaissance fireplace adorned with shields. The windows are rich in stained glass, and

Thus, we see in Baddesley Clinton a true type of the gentleman's house of early Tudor times. Round the walls of its old chambers hang many portraits, each with a history; and imagination will shadow forth shapes in the moonlight, and hear the rustle of kirtles and farthingales when the wind whispers through the galleries, and the rain patters on the panes. It is just such a place as you may breathe romances about, and it offers many a subject for the artist and lover of the picturesque.

Allusion has been made to the suggestion that Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield,



BADDESLEY CLINTON;
THE COURTYARD FROM THE MOAT.



STONELEIGH ABBEY:
THE GATEHOUSE.



The Garden Gate, Stoneleigh Abbey.

believed to have been the poet's grandfather, may have been identical with, or related to, Richard Shakespeare, bailiff, of Wroxall Priory. There is no certainty about the fact, but it is of interest to note that the site of the priory neighbours Baddesley Clinton, where in 1389, lived Adam Shakespeare, holding land by military service, who perhaps, was Richard's ancestor.

Wroxall Abbey, a great modern house, built in 1864, is near at hand. A curious story is told of the foundation of the priory. Sir Hugh de Hatton, a Warwickshire knight, was taken prisoner in the Holy Land, had lain long in durance, when one night St. Leonard appeared to him in a vision, who commanded him to establish a Benedictine convent. He took a vow in compliance, and was forthwith transported, still in his chains, to Wroxall, where his wife failed to recognise him, so changed was he by his sufferings, until he showed her part of the ring with which they had plighted their troth. The

garden at Wroxall is curious and interesting, and its walls are ascribed to Sir Christopher Wren, who purchased the place from the descendants of the original grantee in 1713. The modern mansion is of Tudor or Jacobean type, and does not stand quite on the site of its predecessor. The roofless chapter house of the priory, and some remains of the refectory, are its neighbours. The mansion contains a very fine collection of pictures, including works of T. Creswick, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., J. R. Herbert, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., T. Faed, R.A. ("Highland Mary"), John Linnell, P. Nasmyth, David Cox, T. S. Cooper, R.A., J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and very many more.

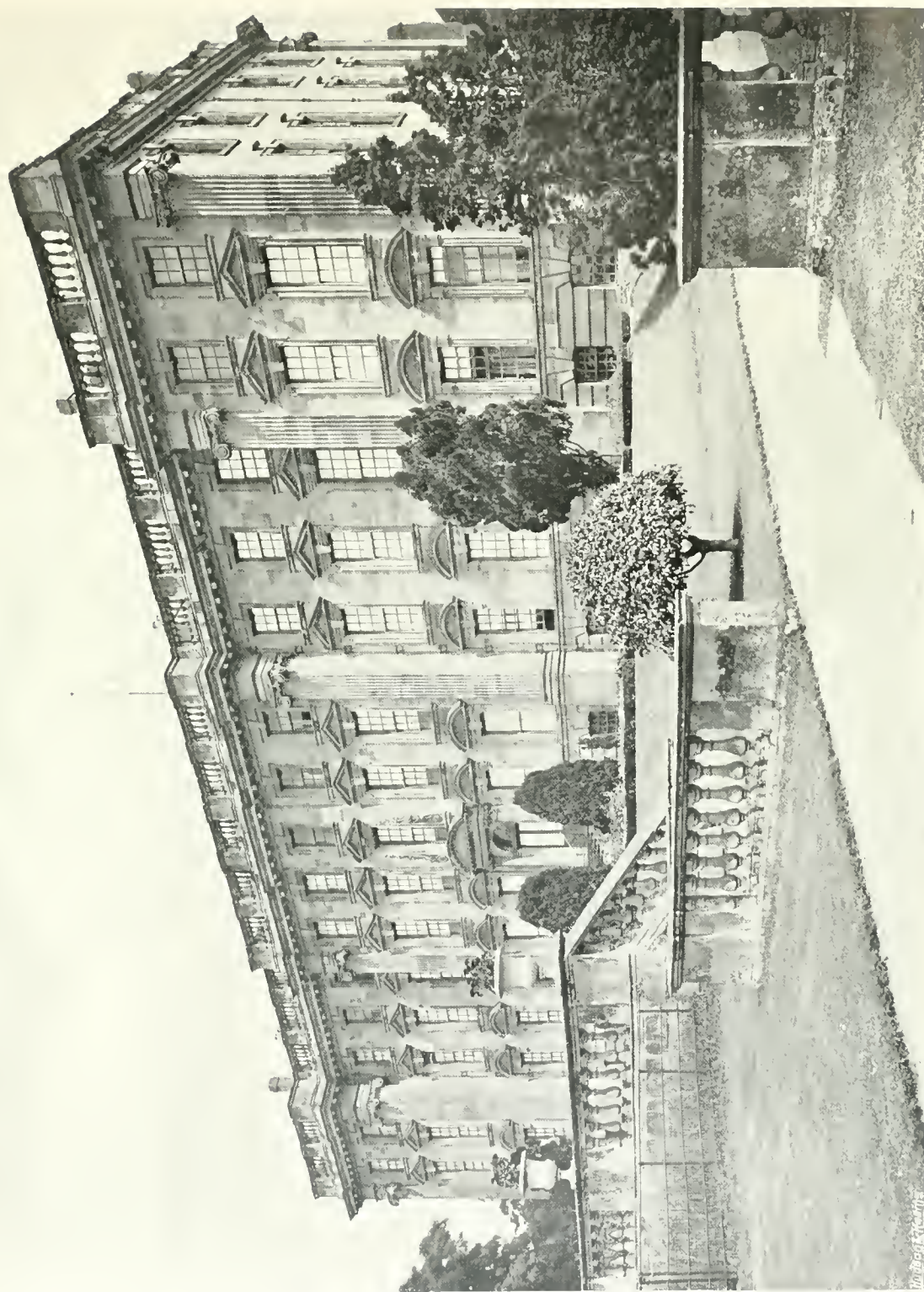
STONELEIGH AND THE UPPER AVON.

Now must this survey of our Shakespeare Country shortly end. A limit must be set even to pleasant journeying such as ours, and we have reached almost our northernmost bound. There remains famous Stoneleigh Abbey, the seat of Lord Leigh, a visit to which we cannot forego, and there, from an eminence in the park, we may view the three spires of ancient Coventry, seeming to tempt us further, thinking of Lady Godiva and the miracle plays, or we may linger musing beneath Shakespeare's oak, in a district which has many memories of the Shakespeares.

We are now on the eastern side of Kenilworth, but still in the Forest of Arden, where the classic Avon flows through the glorious expanse of Stoneleigh Park. It is recorded that 2,000 hogs had feeding in the King's Wood, at Stoneleigh, in early times, when the Cistercians



Stoneleigh Church.



STONELEIGH ABBEY :
THE WEST FRONT.

established their house by the river. The ancient features of the Abbey, the Norman doorways, and the glorious gate-house carry us back to very early times. The gate-house, the most considerable remain, is a venerable structure of the 14th Century, built by Robert de Hocklele, Abbot of Stoneleigh, who died in 1349. The building on its eastern side appears to have been the guest-house of the monks, and the place where alms were distributed to the poor. The whole building is singularly picturesque, and the open gallery on the south side is a quaint and unusual feature. The plan of the Abbey has been made out with an approach to certainty, and many remains are embodied in the present classic pile.

The site was granted in 1531 to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and passed through many hands to those of Sir Rowland Hill and Sir Thos. Leigh, Aldermen of London, the last-named of whom was Lord Mayor, and rode before Queen Elizabeth when she entered the City to be crowned at St. Paul's. Sir Thomas Leigh, great grand-son of the Lord Mayor, who lived at Stoneleigh, in a house in which the remains of the Abbey were embodied in a building of Tudor and Stuart times, received Charles I. when that unfortunate monarch, marching to Nottingham with 6,000 horse, found the gates of Coventry closed against him.

Since that time Stoneleigh has developed, in the hands of successive owners of the same family, and has assumed the classic aspect which it bears to-day—the great and formal pile forming a strong contrast to the old monastic building. The tall Ionic pilasters, supporting the deep cornice and balustrade, possess the character of much stateliness, and the great house looks out over fair gardens and a glorious park, through the midst of which the Avon flows onward towards Guy's Cliff and Warwick. The imposing mansion was built by Edward, Lord Leigh, about the year

1720, and is richly stored with many works of art of rare and singular interest, which at times may be seen by the public. The interior is very splendid and the surroundings of Stoneleigh are remarkably attractive and beautiful.

On the way between the Abbey and Stoneleigh village, an ancient bridge is passed, built by the monks in the 14th Century—a picturesque structure near a lovely avenue of ancient trees, some of them still in their perfection, and others twisted and gnarled with age. It is worth noting that the trees here are very lofty, and that there is a huge oak near the rille butts in the deer park, concerning which legend asserts that Shakespeare wove his fancies beneath its boughs. Close by the bridge is Motstow Hill, an eminence commanding a fine view, deriving its name from the fact that here in ancient times the

tenants did their suit and service at the King's Court on the summit.

Stoneleigh Church is interesting, and well deserves a visit, for it has a late Norman transept, a Norman doorway on the southside, and a tower of Norman date, with a superstructure of the 14th Century. The nave is principally of De-



The Gardens, Stoneleigh.

corated character; but the chancel arch is a notable example of Norman work, with round, zig-zag, double cone, and billet mouldings, whilst the jambs are very richly carved. The church contains many monuments of the Lords Leigh. An attractive place, therefore, is Stoneleigh, with its picturesque village and rural church, its great house embodying many features of the ancient abbey, and its fine and diversified park and embellished gardens, and a delightful point at which to conclude a Shakespeare wayfaring.

This survey of the Shakespeare Country has traversed a rich district of middle England that was familiar to the great poet in his boyhood, and wherein he gained his familiarity with men and women, and with the sights and sounds of nature, in a region rich in the memorials of the history which figures in his pages; a

region, moreover, to which he returned in his later years, after gradually building up a property at Stratford to which he might retire. Our survey might have extended further, and, indeed, it is difficult to know where to stop, for Warwickshire is peculiarly rich in domestic, castellated and ecclesiastical architecture. We might have surveyed many other delightful villages, but we have gone, perhaps, far enough, and what has been said will suggest to the reader, with the help of the pictures, what is the character of the Shakespeare land, what are the features that attract, and what are the interests that should be sought by those who would enjoy and appreciate the delights of that country which will forever be associated with our national poet.

A NOTE ON SULGRAVE MANOR HOUSE.

But the Shakespeare Country has interests the poet never knew. It is associated with the memory of the Washingtons, and at Sulgrave there remains the venerable house from which the race of the founder of American independence sprang. A note upon this extremely interesting place will be pardoned in an account of the Shakespeare Country, because of the great love which Americans have for our national bard, and the marks of that affection which they have bestowed upon the town in which he was born.

The village of Sulgrave lies at a distance of some 25 miles from Stratford to the south-east, over the Northamptonshire border, and within about 8 miles of Banbury town. The approach is through a fine country, giving the opportunity of visiting Compton Verney, the classic seat of Lord Willoughby de Broke; Kington, with its memories of the Civil Wars; Fenny Compton Manor House, the ancient home of the Spencers; Wormleighton, where lived a branch of the Washingtons; Culworth, through which Charles passed with his army, two days before his defeat of Waller, at Cropredy Bridge, in June, 1644; and many other interesting places.

Sulgrave is a quiet village with a notable church, and the old Manor House of the Washingtons, half ruinous and debased to the condition of a farm-house, on its outskirts. The house was built by Laurence Washington, who was Mayor of Northampton in 1532 and 1545, the son of John Washington. Laurence acquired the Sulgrave estate in 1538-9, and probably at once began to build the place in which he lived. His wife was Amy, daughter of Robert Pargiter, of Gretworth. Underneath the east window of the south aisle in the church is a slab, with the

headless figure of this Laurence, and on the right the matrix which contained the brass of his wife. Hideous vandalism in a former time wasted this memorial, and tore away the figures of the children of the deceased, who were represented in brass as "weepers." The following inscription remains, and has been duplicated within recent years by the representatives of the Washington family. "Here lyeth buried ye bodys of Laurence Wassinghtō, Gent, and Amee his wyf, by whom he had issue iiij sons and vij daughts, w^{ch} Laurence dyed y^e day of Anⁿ and Amer Deceased the vj day of October an^o dñi 1564."

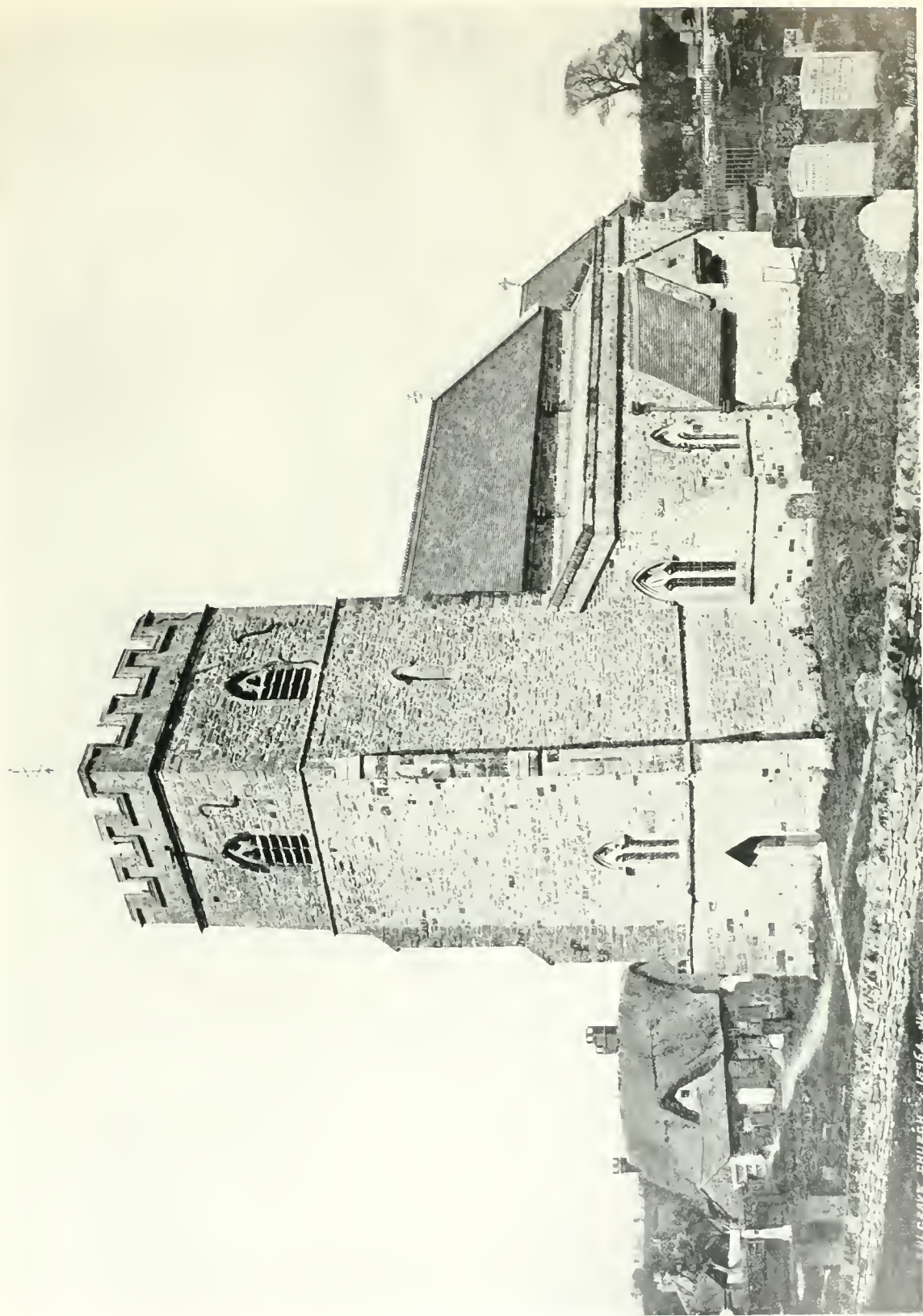
The eldest son of Laurence and Amy Washington, was Robert Washington, of Sulgrave, who, conjointly with his son, sold the Manor House in 1610. This son was Laurence Washington, of Sulgrave and Brington, who died December 13, 1616, having had five sons, of whom the eldest, Sir William Washington, of Packington, died 1643. The founder of American Independence was descended from Laurence Washington of this family, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, who was born about 1602, and was rector of Burleigh, Essex, 1633-1643. The intermediate links were Laurence's eldest son John, born about 1633, who emigrated to Virginia, Laurence who died in 1697, and Augustine, who died in 1743. George Washington was the eldest son of the last-named, and was born in 1732 and died in 1790.

Sulgrave Manor House, therefore, though in a sense the cradle of the prolific Washingtons, had a comparatively brief connection with their family. It is a plain structure of substantial character, well built, and possessing the character of its age. There are two blocks standing at right-angles to one another. On the south side is a gabled porch, with a defaced shield over the door, and the Washington arms are in the spandrels, while above is a window, with a sundial and the royal arms. Entering through the porch the hall is reached, now divided into two rooms. The whole is much defaced, and perhaps the house was never finished. The rafters, beams, panelling, floor and other parts are of oak, and the work was evidently good and substantial, though plain.

The village church, which is also associated with the Washingtons, through its possession of the disfigured memorial of the founder of the family, is a Decorated structure of the 14th Century, much restored in modern times. It consists of chancel, a nave, opening to the aisles, with Decorated bays, and an embattled western tower of Early English character. One curious feature is a "hagioscope" or cutting, which would enable worshippers in the south aisle to witness the elevation of the Host, and some of the carving is curious.



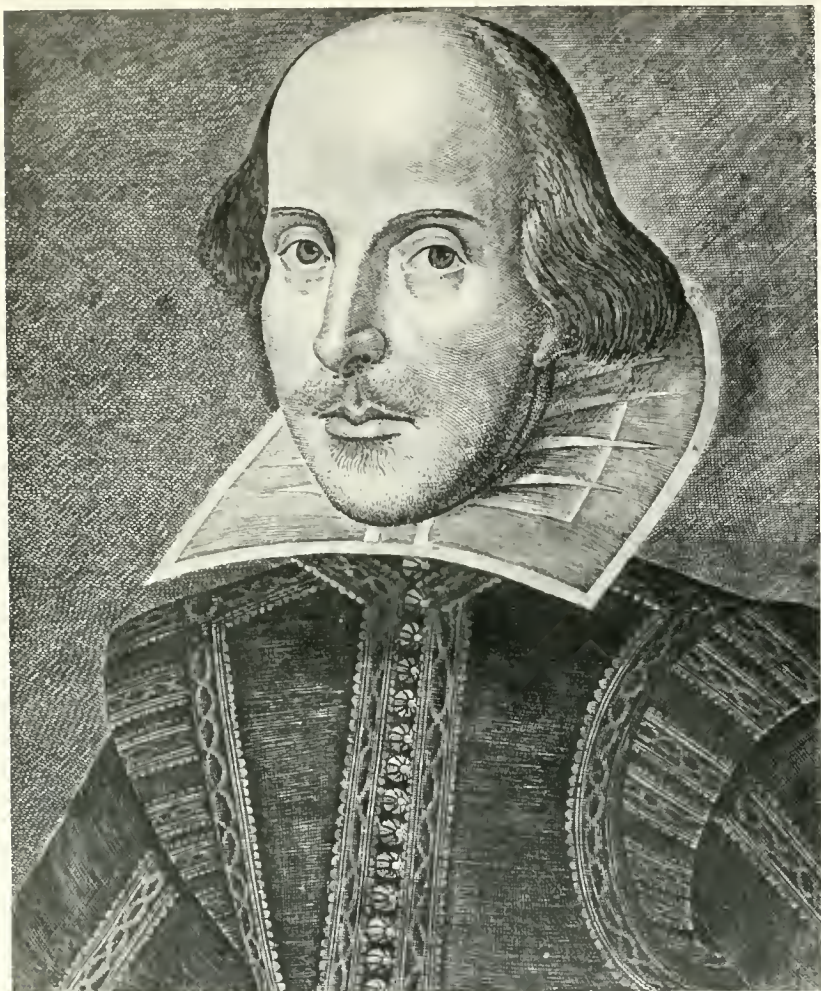
SULGRAVE MANOR HOUSE:
THE ANCIENT HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.



SULGRAVE CHURCH:
WHERE LAURENCE WASHINGTON IS BURIED.

Sulgrave in short, though it does not attract many English visitors, is a place of much interest, and it lies in what may be described as the fringe of the Shakespeare Country. It

is therefore appropriately included here, as adding something to the fascination of this remarkable land. The visitor may be pleased to remember that, when Shakespeare left Stratford to take up the life of a player, he journeyed through the country in which Sulgrave lies, and with this last note we leave the Shakespeare Country.



To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

The Droeshout Engraving.

SHAKESPEARE PORTRAITS.

Extraordinary interest attaches to the personality of Shakespeare—that man whose character, to use the words of “As You Like It,” was “composed of many simples extracted from many objects.” It is this vital interest of personality, indeed, that gives its supreme attraction to the beautiful Shakespeare Country. The portraiture of the poet, again, is a subject that fascinates all lovers of his works. Numberless writers and critics have discussed the likenesses of Shakespeare, and the interest that surrounds the question of their authenticity is very great. The most important of all portraits is the monument in Stratford Church, which is, nevertheless, disappointing. It is a somewhat clumsy example of the mortuary sculpture of the times, and the heavy features and the round face, do not call up the Poet’s “eye in a fine phrensy rolling.” The bust was the work of one Gerald Johns or Janssen, a Dutch sculptor and tomb maker, who lived in Southwark in the time of James I. Originally it was coloured, according to the custom of the times, but Malone caused it to be white-washed in 1793, and it was not restored until 1861, when from the traces of

colouring that remained, the eyes were made light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. It is believed by competent authorities that this bust was sculptured from a death mask, and the circumstance is probable, for the practice was common. A theory has been put forward that the "Becker Death Mask" was the original used by the sculptor of the Stratford bust. It was discovered in 1849 in an obscure shop at Mayence by Dr. Ludwig Becker, the librarian of the ducal palace at Darmstadt, and was long in the possession of Count Francis von Kesselstadt, but now belongs to the daughter-in-law of the discoverer, Frau Oberst Becker.

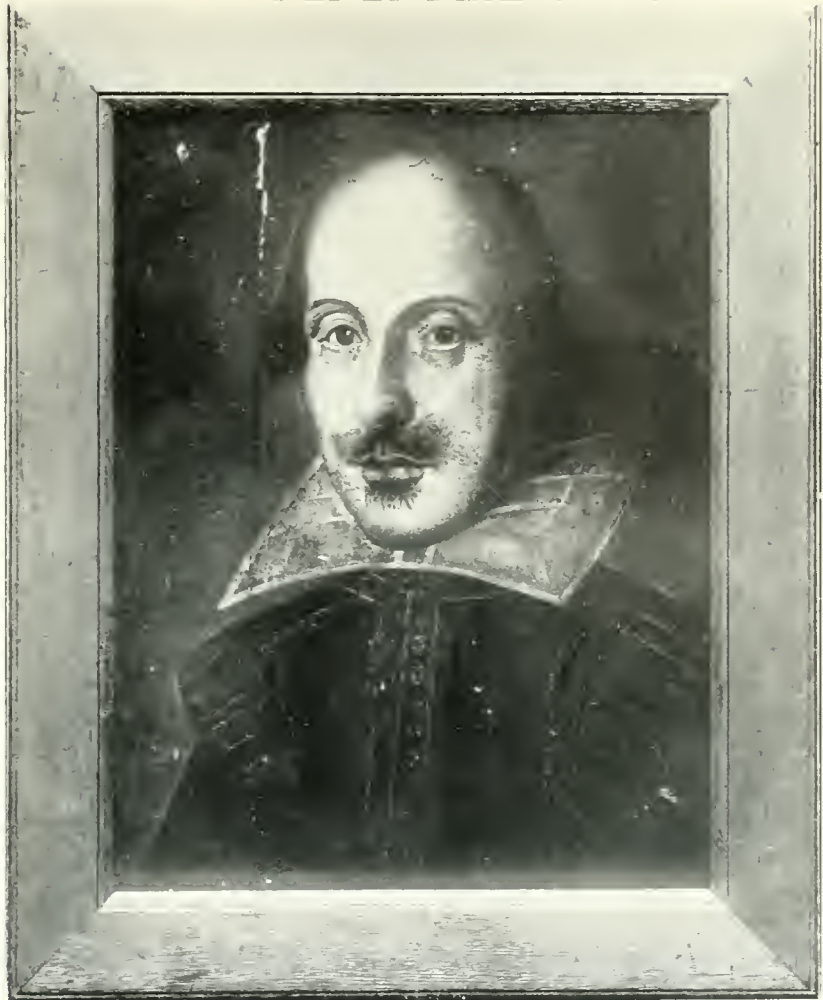
More certainly associated with Shakespeare's time is the famous engraving of Shakespeare made by Martin Droeshout, which appeared as the frontispiece of the folio of 1623, with the ingenious epigrammatic lines of Ben Jonson beneath, beginning with the words:—

'This Figure, that thou here seest
put,

It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wher in the Graver had a strife
With Nature to out-do the life

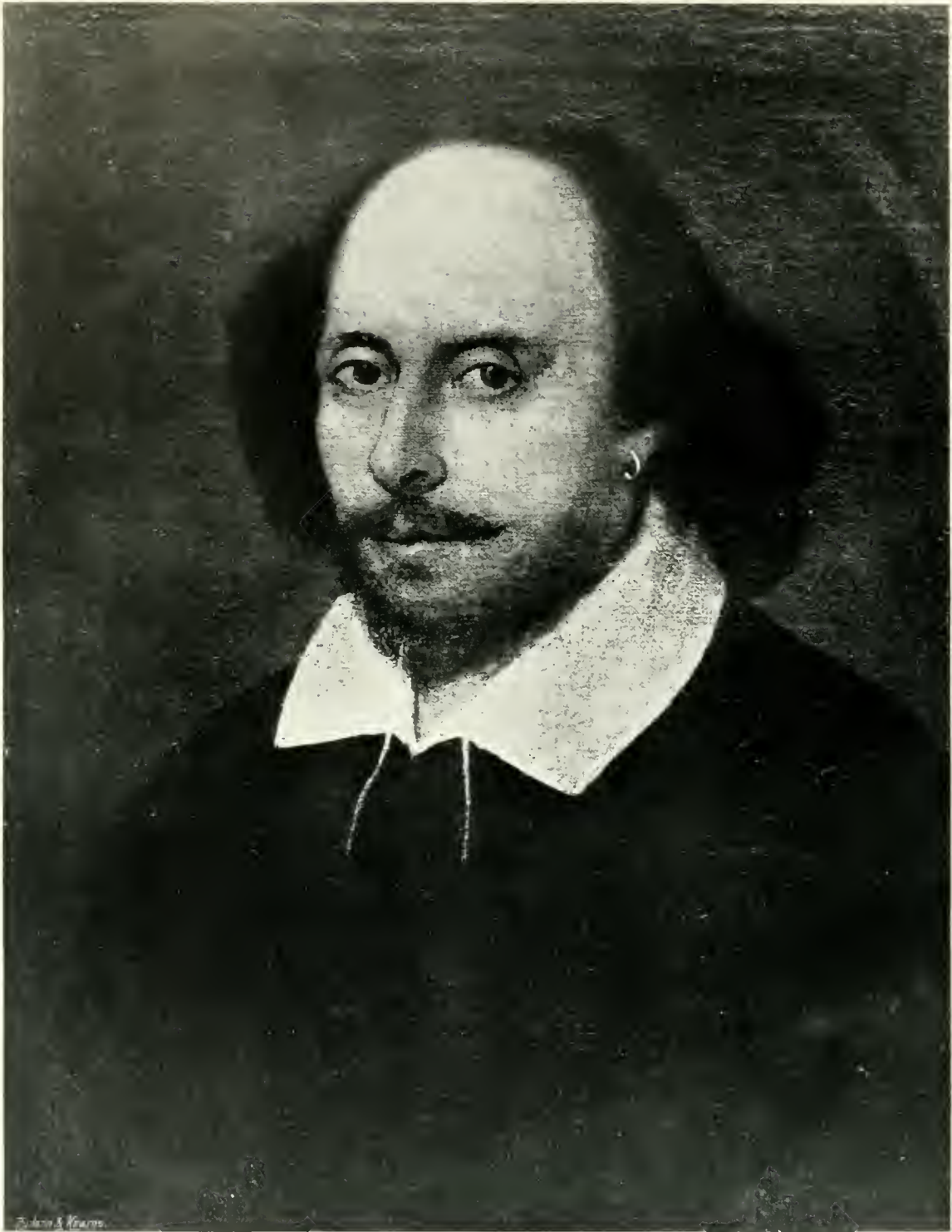
Notwithstanding this testimony to authenticity as a likeness, it must be confessed that the figure is crude, and that we do not recognise in it the "handsome, well-shap't man" of Aubrey. It has the common characteristic of baldness at the top of the head, and hair curling about the ears, which, with a slight moustache and beard, have given us so many portraits of Shakespeare. Droeshout was a Dutch artist, born in London in 1601, and was thus only fifteen when Shakespeare died. It seems, therefore, impossible that the portrait can be in any sense from life, and it was probably executed just before the production of the First Folio in 1623.

It is extremely likely, however, that Droeshout worked from a painting, and it is singular that a painting very credibly attributed to the period, closely resembling the engraving, has been found, and now hangs in the Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford, where it is known



'The Droeshout "Original".'

as the "Droeshout original." It was in the possession of Mr. H. C. Clements, of Peckham Rye, who purchased it obscurely in 1840, and placed upon the box in which he kept it, this memorandum: "The original portrait of Shakespeare, from which the now famous Droeshout engraving was taken." The portrait is painted on an elm panel, which is in two portions, and has in the upper left hand corner the inscription, "Willm. Shakespeare, 1609." There have been differences of opinion as to the authenticity of the picture, and it has been suggested that in some past time it has been painted-up upon an old likeness to resemble the poet. On the other hand, Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and other competent authorities, strongly incline to the opinion that the painting is anterior to the engraving, and it is not to be denied that it possesses qualities superior to those attained



THE "CHANDOS" PORTRAIT.

by Droeshout with his graver. When Mr. Clements died in 1895, Mrs. Charles Flower purchased it and presented it to the Stratford Memorial Picture Gallery.

Among many other alleged or assumed likenesses of Shakespeare, the Chandos Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, is certainly the most interesting, though it cannot be regarded as of contemporary date. Burbage, who was Shakespeare's fellow actor, and a man with some artistic talent—as may be seen by a portrait of a woman “by Mr. Burbidge, ye actor,” in the Dulwich Picture Gallery—is reported to have painted it. Whatever may have been its origin, it belonged to Davenant, and afterwards to Mr. Betterton and to Mrs. Barry, the actress. When she died in 1713, it was purchased by Mr. Robert Keck, a barrister, and afterwards passed to the hands of Mr. John Nichols, whose daughter married the third Duke of Chandos. The portrait thus came into the Duke's gallery and gained its present name. Afterwards it passed, through his daughter's marriage, to the second Duke of Buckingham, and was purchased in 1848, by the Earl of Ellesmere who presented it to the nation. Another interesting portrait which possesses considerable artistic merit, is known as “The Ely Palace Portrait,” and is now the property of the Birthplace Trustees at Stratford. There are obscurities in its history, but it appears to have been painted early in the 17th Century, and to have been in the possession of some friends of Shakespeare residing in Little Britain. The painting remained with the family of the original owners until early in the 19th Century, and was sold by a broker to Thomas Turton, Bishop of Ely. It bears the inscription “Æ 30, X 1603.”

Another portrait of considerable interest is the “Davenant Bust,” which was discovered in 1845, built up in the wall of a warehouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had been erected on the site of the Duke's Theatre, built by Davenant in 1660. It is of black terra-cotta, and is a work of considerable merit. It passed through the hands of Mr. William Clift, a surgeon, to Sir Richard Owen, who sold it to the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke presented it, in 1851, to the Garrick Club, and a cast is in the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery. The Stratford portrait, which hangs in the Birthplace, is interesting, though

manifestly a copy with imaginative additions—or in other words—an ideal portrait.

Other well-known likenesses are the “Lumley portrait,” purchased by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1875, and probably an early copy of the “Chandos portrait;” the “Janssen (or Janssen's) portrait,” of doubtful authenticity; the “Felton portrait,” purchased by Mr. S. Felton in 1792, from Mr. J. Wilson, of the Shakespeare Museum, Pall Mall, and bearing the inscription, “Gul. Shakespear, 1597, R.B.” (*i.e.*, Richard Burbage); and the “Soust portrait,”



The “Stratford” Portrait.

ascribed to an artist of that name, born 21 years after Shakespeare's death, on not very sufficient grounds. Other portraits lent to the Memorial Gallery are the “Charlecote portrait,” which was bought in 1853 from a Mr. Emerson, and exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition, 1890; and the “Welcombe portrait,” of the Chandos type, painted on an old panel, but of which little is known. To catalogue the long series of Shakespeare portraits is, however, unnecessary, many of them possess no probability of authenticity, and those indicated above are the most interesting.

A SHAKESPEARE CHRONOLOGY.

IN this account of the Shakespeare Country many references have been made to the poet's life. It seems desirable, however, to add a brief chronology, so that the reader will be better able to understand the relationship of events with the places and circumstances alluded to. The following table of dates and occurrences is not complete, but it includes the principal events of Shakespeare's life, with some references to his parentage, and gives the dates, real or assumed, of his immortal works.

- | | | | |
|---------|--|------|--|
| 1525 | Richard Shakespeare, conjectured to have been the Poet's grandfather, was living at Snitterfield; he died in 1560, and was probably akin to Richard Shakespeare, of Wroxall, whose great-grandfather appears to have been Adam Shakespeare, of Baddesley Clinton, <i>viz.</i> , 1389 | 1595 | "Midsummer Night's Dream," "All's Well that End's Well," and the "Taming of the Shrew," the latter with its references to Barton-on-the-Heath and to Wilmcote, or to Wilnecote, near Tamworth. |
| 1551? | John Shakespeare, the Poet's father, settled in Henley Street, Stratford | 1595 | John Shakespeare, the Poet's father, applied for a grant of arms claiming that his (John's) grandfather rendered service to Henry VII., and received a grant of land in Warwickshire |
| 1556 | He purchased a tenement in Henley Street, adjoining the "Birthplace," and another in Greenhill Street. | 1597 | "Henry IV." and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." William Shakespeare purchased the New Place in Stratford, May 4th |
| 1557 | John Shakespeare married Mary, daughter of Arden, of Wilmcote. | 1598 | Shakespeare's townsmen, Abraham Sturley and Richard Quiney (whose son afterwards married Judith Shakespeare), applied to the Poet for pecuniary aid "Henry V." written, and produced in the next year |
| 1561 | He was elected a Chamberlain of the Borough of Stratford. | 1599 | The "Passionate Pilgrim," printed by William Jaggard "Much Ado About Nothing," and "As You Like It," probably the work of this year. |
| 1564 | William Shakespeare, the Poet, born, April 22nd or 23rd. The Plague visited Stratford | 1600 | "Twelfth Night." |
| 1565 | John Shakespeare an Alderman of Stratford; Bailiff of the borough, 1568; his other children who survived, baptised as follows: Gilbert, Oct. 13, 1566; Joan, April 15, 1569; Richard, March 11, 1574. Edmund, May 3, 1580 | 1601 | "Julius Cæsar." Shakespeare's father died September 8th, and the Poet inherited the houses in Henley Street, where his mother lived until her death in 1608. |
| 1568 | The Queen's Company and the Earl of Worcester's Company of Players visited Stratford. | 1602 | "Hamlet" produced. Shakespeare purchased 107 acres of arable land near Stratford, and a cottage and garden in Chapel Lane, Stratford, opposite the lower grounds of New Place. |
| 1571 | William Shakespeare probably began to attend the Stratford Grammar School. | 1603 | "Troilus and Cressida," probably. James I. granted a special license to the Lord Chamberlain's Company of which Shakespeare was a member. The "First Quarto" published |
| 1573 | The Earl of Leicester's Company of Players at Stratford | 1604 | "Othello" and "Measure for Measure." The "Second Quarto" published. |
| 1575 | John Shakespeare purchased the "Birthplace," in which he had been living, for £40, from Edmund Hall. Queen Elizabeth's progress through Warwickshire to Kenilworth. | 1605 | Shakespeare bought a moiety of the Stratford Tithes |
| 1577 | At about this time Shakespeare seems to have entered his father's business. Leicester's players (afterwards the Lord Chamberlain's Company) again at Stratford | 1606 | "Macbeth" completed. "King Lear" written |
| 1578-86 | John Shakespeare in increasing financial difficulties | 1607 | Shakespeare's daughter Susanna married Dr. John Hall, June 5th. She lived at the New Place, Stratford, until her death in 1649. |
| 1582 | The Poet married Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, probably early in December | 1608 | "Timon of Athens," "Pericles," and "Antony and Cleopatra" Shakespeare's only granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, baptized February 21st. The Poet's mother died, and was buried at Stratford, Sept. 9th |
| 1583 | His daughter Susanna born. | 1609 | "Coriolanus." |
| 1585 | Hamnet and Judith (twins) were born. | 1610 | "Cymbeline." |
| 1585? | The Charlecote poaching incident; Shakespeare left Stratford | 1611 | A "Winter's Tale," the "Tempest," and probably "Henry VIII." Shakespeare finally settled at the New Place in Stratford. The Town Council there passed a resolution that stage plays were unlawful |
| 1586 | Shakespeare reached London, and secured theatrical employment, joining the Lord Chamberlain's Company, afterwards known as the King's Players | 1613 | Shakespeare bought a house in Blackfriars. The Globe Theatre burned. Judith Shakespeare married Thomas Quiney, of Stratford, Feb. 10th. Shakespeare said to have entertained Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson at the New Place |
| 1587 | The Players at Stratford. | 1616 | The Poet died, April 23rd, at the age of 52, and was buried in Stratford Church, April 25th |
| 1591 | "Love's Labour's Lost," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," probably written. | | |
| 1592 | The "Comedy of Errors" (published in 1623), "Romeo and Juliet" and "Henry VI." John Shakespeare returned as a recusant, September 5th. | | |
| 1593 | "Richard II.," "Richard III.," and "Titus Andronicus." "Venus and Adonis" published | | |
| 1594 | The "Merchant of Venice," and "King John." "Lucrece" published, and many of the Sonnets composed | | |

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